

# MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

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## ETON.

IN spite of all that has been said and written on Eton affairs during a considerable time, there may yet be an existing need of information on the subject. A Blue Book is too big for comfortable reading, nor is the form in which most of its matter is cast an inviting one. And the report of the Public Schools Commission had, moreover, this incidental disadvantage, that, dealing though it did with much of vital importance to any satisfactory scheme of reform, it could not enter into many of those details of daily life and work, which enable the outside public to judge of the need for that so vehemently demanded on the one hand, so hotly deprecated on the other. The questions at issue ought to be, if possible, impartially stated and clearly understood; for Eton must always exercise a great influence for good or ill on English education—the education at least of those persons who are able and willing to pay a high price for it. However the sons of other schools may regard with affection the place where their own boyhood was spent; however Winchester may boast the honour of being the most ancient foundation, and Rugby may prize the memory of him who first made the relations of tutor and pupil those of sympathy and trust: whatever improvements these and other foundations may have introduced on the old traditions by which all school government was once carried on,

and still is too much hampered, Eton remains the queen and flower of English schools. And it is no more disloyal in non-Etonians to admit the fact, no more indicative of slight to their own school, than it is for the son of an untitled lady, whom he loves better than all the world, to admit that his mother is not a peeress. Such as Eton is—a royal foundation, nestling under the shadow of the proudest palace in the land, washed by the stream of our noblest and most English river, greatest in numbers of students, fairest in beauty of buildings and site—no wonder that in it the nation sees the type of public school education, that in it are reflected the vices and the virtues alike of that system, so peculiarly our own, on which foreigners look with puzzled admiration.

Yet how few there are who could give any clear account of that system in itself or in the particular instance. How few know the steps by which points in government or habits now demanding change have grown—whether even usages claiming a hoar antiquity are not after all the mushroom growth of a few years. There are not many Etonians, even, who can tell the relation in which the Provost and Fellows stood to their school-life, explain the way in which the "Tutor," so all-important a person to his pupils, is controlled by the Head Master, or really give a reasonable opinion on matters in which the whole tradition and constitution of the school

is involved. Without being needlessly historical, we will endeavour to give a clear view of Eton as it is in theory and in practice.

Founded at a period when the monasteries of the middle ages, though losing, had not lost their value in the eyes of men; when the need of a large provision for education, which was felt so strongly under Edward VI. and Elizabeth, was beginning, though dimly, to be recognised; while the noble was yet, in great measure, considered above the necessity of learning, and scholars were drawn from a class which required assistance from the rich; when societies and organizations of all kinds were of necessity enfolded in and modified by the great ecclesiastical framework, so firm in seeming, yet so near disruption; it was not only the will of the king, but the inevitable action of the time, which stamped its character on the College of Henry VI. It was at once a cloister and a grammar-school, a powerful corporation, with wealth and lands, with children dependent on charity, an almshouse where bedesmen might rest after the storms of life, and a place where ceaseless prayer might rise for the peace of the founder's weary soul. That the claims of education should have been recognised as they were in this and many other religious foundations of the times was much, but education was not the principal thought with which Eton was built and endowed. The Provost and Fellows, the Chaplains and Clerks and Bedesmen, had little or nothing to do with the Scholars; for them two Masters were provided, while a staff of some thirty Priests formed the College—a monastery in all but name. It was closely connected with King's College at Cambridge, founded by the same monarch; the Eton scholars were to proceed to King's, and Fellows of King's might find their way back again to their earlier home; but, while the Cambridge foundation was primarily intended to add another place of education to the University, the school at Eton was in a wholly subordinate position to that held by the College properly so called.

We shall speak hereafter of the Oppidans, who now form the bulk of the school, but whose numbers and importance grew so gradually as to excite no attention at first. None could have seen that these were in fact young cuckoos, who would in the end dislodge the original inhabitants of the nest.

Such was the outward form or garment in which the king's conception of Eton clothed itself. In course of time new patches have been added, incoherent with the old; hence the chaotic and discordant state of things in the Eton of our day. The social and religious changes of the Reformation were great, but they were insufficient, at Eton as in England at large, to dissolve the old organizations;—they could only bring about a new combination of elements within the old vessels. Before the children of those who were at Eton at the time of Henry's death had left the school, doubts were arising in many minds if indeed the condition of the dead was bettered by the prayers of the living; the next generation saw all such supplications struck out of its Liturgy, and Masses for the departed accounted blasphemous. Hence there was no need of all that body of priests, whose occupation was gone—if indeed the appointed number had been ever filled, now that there were fewer services to sing, and no (or next to no) penitents to shrive. The souls of the dead king and of the living boys needed no help from man, or, if they did, the reformed religion made scant provision for it. On the collegiate body—reduced or restricted to some dozen members, only eight of whom were really the representatives of the original number of thirty—there came a social, still more important than the theological, change. The Provost and Fellows were allowed to marry, it is said, by Queen Elizabeth, though it does not appear how her Majesty had any power to make so important a revolution, if Queen Victoria has not the right to make alterations of less radical reform. However this may have been, such an innovation necessitated alterations in the more strictly collegiate

buildings; the common meals in the hall were discontinued, which at least had brought the seventy Scholars into some relations with the Provost and Fellows; and when these found it consistent with their unarduous duties to hold livings at a distance, and be therefore absent from Eton for many months together, all trace of the old cœnobic community had nearly disappeared.

And since women had found their way into the celibate establishment at one end of the social scale, Time, to redress the balance, smote the bedesmen as with an harlequin wand. Straightway they became old women, and their apartments were removed into the village or town of Eton that room might be made for new stables, necessitated by the changed economy of the Fellows' families. It would, doubtless, be overbold to say of the almswomen that they do not pass their lives in prayer for the good estate of the College (that of the founder is of course past praying for); but their official duties are confined to acting as *chiffonnères* when the Scholars' dinner and supper are ended.

We have not touched on the position of the singing men and choristers, who were a part of the original Foundation as they are of the existing one. They were and are a part of the outward pomp and circumstance of worship, and only such changes have taken place in their place and duties as the changed ritual has necessitated. Substantially they are much in the same relation to the College as they were, though completely detached from the quasi-monastic life.

The Provost and Fellows, who alone are strictly included when Eton *College* is named, are thus linked to the past by well-defined and unbroken descent,—are indeed the very same body to which the king intrusted the keeping of his Foundation, so richly endowed and privileged. They still have the functions with which he charged them, so far as time has suffered them to remain possible. They have the administration of the College revenues and property, the disposal of large ecclesiastical patronage; they have, as represented by the Provost, the ap-

pointment of the Head and Lower Masters, and the right of election into their own body; acting with him as his council, they have the control of all the domestic arrangements for the Scholars, the selection of the Chaplains or Conducts, the direction of the services in the College-chapel—in which they, and almost they alone, are the preachers—and the spiritual charge of the parish of Eton. Represented by the Provost and Vice-Provost, they elect also the Scholars, though in this they are assisted by other examiners. There is a difference of opinion between the Crown and the College which has the right to elect the Provost; and as the College always sooner or later elect the Crown nominee, the College may well be allowed to claim the barren honour. This real dependence on the past, this identity of constitution, is the strong point in the resistance of the College to any alteration from outside. They claim the right, they assert they have the will, to reform themselves, if need for reform is proved. They say, that although the seventy Collegers are a part of themselves and their life, these are, as it were, an accident, even though an inseparable one; but that the school at large is no part of them, neither are they responsible for it; there is no reason in law or equity why their property should be taken away, or devoted to any purposes which they do not choose—why their numbers should be reduced, or enlarged so as to swamp the present character of the Foundation. They are in fact, they say, a private body responsible to no one but the Bishop of Lincoln, who has, under the Founder's will, some vague and unexercised power to do something—none can say what—if the statutes are violated. On these grounds it is that Eton College, by the mouth of their counsel Mr. Hope Scott, says, "We ask Parliament to leave us alone."<sup>1</sup>

But there is another ground for the plea of non-intervention more often urged when the question of reform is

<sup>1</sup> Report from the Select Committee of the House of Lords on the Public Schools Bill, 1865, p. 218.

discussed at Eton or among Etonians. The Fellows are, as a fact, generally drawn from among the body of Assistant Masters, while three of the last four Provosts have been Head-Masters. Hence the College is regarded as affording eight almost sinecure appointments of wealth, ease, and dignity; prizes to which hard-working men engaged in tuition may reasonably look forward, and when they are removed to them other young men coming from college will be enrolled, earlier than otherwise, to place their feet on the first steps of the same ladder to well-earned rest. Before we can consider the validity of either claim we must look awhile at the state of Eton School, its masters and its boys.

First there is that portion of which we have already spoken, so closely connected with the College, a Head and a Lower Master, and seventy King's Scholars, boarded, lodged, and in part instructed at the expense of the Foundation. Beyond these there are the whole of the Oppidans. "The whole of the Oppidan system at Eton has arisen," says Mr. Hope Scott, "from a sort of bye allowance of the Founder for strange boys who are not of his Foundation to come to his school, but it is not otherwise mentioned in the statutes."<sup>1</sup> There is an old tradition that Edward IV. was educated as an Oppidan at Eton, and this would necessarily have been within twelve or fourteen years after its foundation, as his birth took place just seven months from that date. Whatever of truth or falsehood may be in this story, it at least points to the fact that boys of high family and distinction came very early to the royal school, and in William Paston, an Eton boy just twenty-eight years after the foundation, we find a lad not only of gentle birth but one who came from a distance, and was not in training for the Church. The stream which so early began to set in has never ceased to flow, and shows no sign of cessation. At Founder's Day dinner in each year, a season at which Eton Fellows are most genial, and their obstructive

policy appears in its least offensive light, the toasts of "Eton Bishops," "Eton Judges," "Eton Cabinet Ministers," and the like, are evidence not only of the long list of those who have brought honour to their school by their after-deeds, but also of this, that they have for the most part sprung from honourable lines. It is then that, though Collegers are naturally enough regarded with special pride if they have risen to these high dignities, the authorities cannot forget, what they affect at other times to forget, that their only real position comes from their connexion with the School, even though this was an after-growth.

The Oppidans, now outnumbering the King's Scholars by more than ten to one, are still the private pupils of the Head Master: to the former his teaching is given in return for the sum he receives from the College, while each Oppidan pays a fee on entrance, dues each year during his stay at school, and a fee again on leaving; these payments amounting, we believe, to 2*l.* 2*s.*, 6*l.* 6*s.*, and 10*l.* respectively. The teaching of the whole school, Collegers and Oppidans alike, is shared with the Head and Lower Master by gentlemen appointed by them as their "Assistants." There was an old traditionary rule that these should be members of the sister foundation at Cambridge; but this rule, occasionally violated in past years, is now in great measure set aside, though not unnaturally many of the Assistants are still drawn from that source. The number of the Assistant Masters, their ability, their fitness for the post in other respects, depends wholly on the Head Master; he only can fix the number of pupils each may take, and apportion the size of the school divisions. There is said to be a right of veto on the part of the Provost, as there is on almost all the school arrangements, and it is extremely probable that, when the Head Master was allowed assistance in his teaching, this right was reserved. But it is not exercised. It is notorious that an appointment of an Assistant to the Upper School persistently resisted by

<sup>1</sup> Report, &c. p. 207.



the late Head Master was made so soon as his successor was in office, and not vetoed by the Provost, though he had been the very Head Master in whose despite the appointment had been made. Among these Assistants, or such of them as can rent houses within the precincts suitable for the purpose, are divided the great majority of the Oppidans, the Head Master taking none into his own house; and about a third of the number boarding in dames' houses. These, however, are in some cases not what their name implies, being kept by gentlemen, who hold, as do the dames properly so called, a very anomalous position. They stand in no tutorial and quasi-parental relation to the boys in their house, and, having only such influence as they may accidentally gain by the force of their own characters, have no official part in the discipline of the school: they are even, in theory, obliged to call in the assistance of a master to see that their boarders are all in the house when the doors are locked in the evening. And, however excellent some of these houses may be in moral tone, and however great the weight of their inmates in the school republic, it is a great satisfaction to all who know Eton well that their number has diminished, and will continue to diminish, and that the boarding-houses will in a few years be all held by Assistant Masters. As matters at present are, the dames' houses—and, as far as tuition is concerned, the Scholars' Buildings as well, may be considered in the light of affiliated Halls at a University—each lad being attached to some tutor, though not of necessity to one who has a boarding-house.

Among the societies formed by these various houses, the Collegers take their place, but only as one among many. As the school would not cease to be Eton, or lose its distinctive character, if one of the houses were closed, so neither would the withdrawal of the King's Scholars make any appreciable difference in the public estimation, or the private pursuits and studies, of the school. Their absence as a distinctive body could bring

no harm, provided the talent and energy they now contribute to the common stock were by any means still preserved in the school, any more than the disruption of a tutor's house, on his giving up work, and the dispersion of his boys, affects in any perceptible degree the tone of the whole. If, then, we find, on the one hand, that the Provost only of the original governing body is concerned officially with the school of Eton, as he only among that same number is known by the world at large; if on the other hand the Collegers are less than a tithe of the whole number, exercising what influence they may possess, not as Collegers, but merely as clever or working boys; it will be seen that Eton has as a fact, to be regretted or not, drifted very far away from the idea of the original Foundation, which, though it still exists, is known but little to the outside world. And the first question which presents itself to any Eton reformer is practically this: Are the interests of the school to be paramount in the future—the interests, that is, of the existing fact, or those of a past from which the true life has departed, and remains only as a mockery of its former self? We do not in any degree heed the plea that the College is a private body exempt from legislation, even of the most sweeping and destructive kind. Mr. Hope Scott had of course a perfect right to argue that the College was not in fact touched by the late Public Schools Bill, that the College and School were separable terms, and that the former were in no true sense governors of the latter; but his arguments had scant weight as directed against any legislation at all. A Bill for Eton Reform stands on the same footing as those for the Reform of the Universities, Cathedral Chapters, for the Charity Commission, and many others dealing with private property in the due administration of which the public has an interest. It stands on the same footing as did interference with *respectable* religious houses in the time of Henry VIII. or the same interference in Italy now. It would be

simply a waste of time to argue the whole matter *de novo*; the nation will not in the long run believe that it is not justified in making its own conditions for the continued existence of institutions which do not and cannot fulfil the purposes for which they were established. The *raison d'être* of the College ceased with the Reformation, and only in a land so conservative as our own could there have been so long a pause before an attempt was made to bring it into harmony with accomplished facts.

Still less force is there in the plea urged that the College should be let alone as affording place and pension for retired masters. If in any change it were proposed that a proportion of the Fellows should be laymen, the value of the Fellowship would be materially reduced, and would not afford the temptation for retirement which now it does, when, as it is a purely clerical tenure, a large and increasing body of masters are excluded by the fact that they are not in, and do not appear likely to take, Orders. If the principle of retiring pensions be once admitted the laity have as great a right to expect some provision as the clergy, especially in days like these, when the whole current of opinion tends to make education less and less a clerical matter, and deprecates so earnestly anything which enforces Orders on an unwilling recipient. It would of course be invidious to ask if indeed all the Fellowships now held at Eton are the rewards of zealous and efficient work, and whether those Assistant Masters to whom rumour points as possible future members of the College are indeed those whose influence and teaching is of most value in the School. We will only draw attention to a temptation in human nature to allow the claims of family and of friendship large place in elections into close bodies, and that retiring pensions, while they may be used to reward merit, may also be abused to aid the withdrawal of the incompetent.

If, however, any well-considered scheme of reform might seriously alter

the status and number of the College, it may be said that there is every reason for keeping the seventy Scholars at least in their present position, and possibly for increasing their number if funds should permit. A Scholar receiving the same education, comforts, and nominally the same social advantages as an Oppidan, receives them for at least 100*l.* a year less than a boy in a tutor's house, while custom, and possibly the authorities, do not allow him to join in some of the more expensive amusements of the leading Oppidan sets. Before gaining these advantages he has to pass a severe competitive examination, so that every boy in College is of necessity above the average in ability and in diligence, work is expected of him throughout his career, and the prize of a scholarship at King's, or one of the many other exhibitions in the gift of Eton, await the worker. The aid thus afforded is said to be of the highest value to many who, without this noble foundation, could not give their sons the benefit of a public-school training at all. Great as these advantages undoubtedly are, there are some drawbacks to their completeness. The difficulty of the entrance examination necessitates a special training, for the most part at private tutors, or schools as expensive as private tutors, who have a name for getting boys into Eton; and, for the great majority of Eton Scholars, it may be safely asserted that the *whole* cost of their education is greater than it would have been at Shrewsbury or Sherborne, or any of our larger grammar-schools, while the tone of living into which the lads are thrown is above the standard of that of the houses of our poorer gentry. Again, the social effect of gathering all the Scholars under one roof is in a degree that which has been so deprecated as likely to take place if a poor college were established at Oxford,—the retention of class prejudices, and the creation of a clique unable or unwilling to join in the recognised school pursuits. Whether all of these pursuits are desirable for *any* at their present rate of expense is a

further question. And if it is putting the matter too strongly to compare the position of the Collegers to that of the students of a poor college, it cannot be unfair to compare it to what would be the case if the scholars at the various colleges in Oxford or Cambridge were relegated to one, meeting with other undergraduates but little, save at professors' lectures. The examples of a manly frugality, of vigorous work for duty's sake, would be half lost, because so isolated and apart.

Looking, then, to the general interest of the School, we cannot but think that the change demanded at Eton, in the constitution of the College, is one by far more radical than has yet been proposed; that it is one to which all lesser changes must insensibly or sensibly approach; that, even if our views are Utopian, we may do a service by putting them forward, if only in the hope of having them refuted, if refuted they must be, once for all.

Retaining, then, the Provost and two Fellows, to be in all cases appointed by the Crown with regard to literary distinction or scientific attainments, there might be entrusted to them the care of the College estates and revenues, the maintenance of the fabric, the charge of the College library, and, if it were thought desirable they should be in Orders, some share in the chapel and parish services. For all matters connected with the School these should be part of a board to consist in addition of the Head and Lower Master and six of the Assistants, elected by vote each year by the Assistants themselves. The Provost and Fellows, the Head and Lower Master, should all have fixed and final stipends, without fees, and independent of the varying numbers of the School. The Assistants also should all be paid such annual stipends as might be found possible, ranging, say, from 200*l.* to 500*l.* They would continue, as now, to increase this income greatly by taking pupils; but a young man on his first coming to Eton would be able to feel his way by degrees without being obliged to take pupils while he is only learning

his work, and a master would feel that he had duties to the whole Foundation or establishment, and not so exclusively as now to his own pupils.

The Scholars should be dispersed among the whole school, be chosen, as now, by a competitive examination, and the payment take the form of a set-off of so much against the whole yearly bills. There would thus be saved the expenses of the Master in College, Matron, College servants, the whole tribe of hangers-on at the kitchen and buttery; and, if at first the cost would seem greater when the Scholars were not boarded together, we doubt whether in the end this plan would not be the cheaper, as it certainly would be the better for the Scholars, and the School at large. The advantages, we believe, would be enormous. All class-feeling would vanish, work would become more diffused, and the fact that in every house were leading boys who had accepted pecuniary assistance, but who were not thereby placed in a different social position, would do much to lower those extravagant tastes and habits of which many parents of Eton boys complain.

We may now set aside the consideration of the Foundation, and come to that of the School in its relation between masters and boys, its studies and amusements, its discipline and morals. Each boy at Eton, whether boarding in a tutor's or dame's house, has some one among the masters to whom he is specially entrusted by the parents. And here, unfortunately, the masters are not on an equality. An absurd old tradition, which counted all that was not classical in the light of "extra" lessons, has placed the Mathematical Masters in a secondary position, so that, except in the case of one recent addition to the staff, no Mathematical Master is "tutor" to the boys who board in his house. But as, in a Classical Master's house, a boy who needs special mathematical training reads also with one of the Mathematical Masters, so there can be no sort of reason why for extra classical lessons the lads in the latter house should not attend

the pupil room of one of the Classical Masters, while the Mathematical Master would be their "tutor;" exercising a guidance over their studies, a friendly care over their school life, and standing to them in the highest and most direct school relation. Till this obvious measure of justice is dealt to Mathematical Masters, it will be idle to expect the best men in this branch of science will seek position at a school where they are treated as inferiors—where, if one of them attains anything like an equal place, it is in despite of dogged and persistent opposition from all the elder men. In days quite within the remembrance of persons under forty, a further distinction was drawn between "pupils" and "private pupils," the former paying for tuition 10*l.* 10*s.* a year, the latter, 21*l.* And while all were equally trained in the mere school work, the "private" pupil read with his tutor other subjects, not comprised in the regular school course. We believe we are right in saying that the traces of this have so passed away, that not one parent in a hundred of those who have sons at Eton knows that it is possible a distinction can be made, and we are sure that if such lesser payment were tendered the tutor would make no difference in the tuition given to the boy; practically, the fee is in all cases 21*l.* and a boarder in the tutor's house, always a private pupil, stands now in a closer relation to his tutor than others, only because the occasions of intercourse are far more frequent. The working of the tutorial and school system, so difficult to non-Etonians, may be in some degree explained by a reference to that of the University; the tutor's pupil-room being analogous to college lectures, the hours spent in school to those in a professor's lecture-room, except that in school at Eton, as with the tutor, the lessons are heard, the instruction is not *all ex cathedra*. And while a good form-master is of great value in supplementing the tutorial teaching—and the fact that a lad in his passage through Eton

receives the impress of many minds does much to counteract that narrowness of view which is the characteristic of some of the ablest men sent out from smaller schools—no teaching in School, however excellent, will make up for the harm done by an indifferent or incompetent tutor; neither, happily, will a bad form-master undo the work of a good tutor to any large extent. Hence it follows, that the important step in sending a boy to Eton is the selection of his tutor, and this really decides whether or not he is to gain the full benefit of the School; hence it is that, while so many and well-founded complaints are urged against points in the teaching and discipline, the numbers and tone are maintained; because the excellence of many of the tutors is strong enough to correct the errors of the system under which they work, and their private energy supplements the defects in the teaching of the School. It would of course be impossible to hope that among the large staff of masters required in a school of 800 boys, all should be of equal merit: we are not in a position to deny, nor do we wish to deny, that those engaged in tuition at Eton are fully as good as, or better than, the Rugby or Harrow tutors, but it is quite obvious that so long as Eton men alone are chosen, and preferentially King's men, it is less likely that absolutely first-rate men will find their way to Eton, than if the Head and Lower Masters chose from the whole of both Universities. "Eton men for Eton work" is a plausible formula, but it means, *stare super antiquas vias*, it means, "We will admit no change and light from other quarters,—our own vices are better than the virtues of other schools." And when non-Etonians have been admitted as Mathematical Masters because the few good Etonian mathematicians will not take what they know to be an inferior post, their lower grade is impressed on them in a thousand ways; the boys cannot regard in the same light as they do the Classical Masters those who are in a distinctly different position; their failures are

triumphantly quoted in aid of the dogma "Eton men for Eton work." But it has never been found that those traditions of Harrow and Rugby which are really worth preserving have broken down under extraneous teaching: rather it has been felt that masters from other schools have sometimes been, by reason of their freedom from prejudice, among the most convincing upholders of whatever has been really good. Moreover, such a formula has of course always a tendency to become yet further narrowed, so that even while the force of opinion and the inability to get men enough for the work has forced on Eton four Oxford men, and two who were not Collegers, the Vice-Provost, two of the Fellows, the Head Master, and one of the Assistants are all connected by kindred or marriage,—a large and irresistible body when any plan for the advancement of any member of it may be intended. But the real evil of the system is, that Eton authorities, as they get accustomed to laxities of rule, to acquiesce in matters which they feel to be a bondage, to tremble at the danger of innovations, have no notion of what is thought of these things outside; and this information would be given them by a man of good common sense who knew how matters were managed elsewhere. If from practical experience any one could convince the Head Master of Eton of the pains taken in other places to get into school work the best books and best editions, it is scarcely conceivable that a reform in such matters could be delayed because a tradesman who supplies the school happens to have on hand a large number of copies of a worthless book. If one who had been at Harrow could relate how little practical difficulty Dr. Butler found in ordering that trouser pockets should be sewn up because the putting hands into them made boys idle, and slouching, and listless, it is scarce likely that "Tap" and "Cellar" would continue to exist,—backed, as he who put them down would be, by the moral feeling of all whose opinion was worth consideration.

But, whoever visits Eton so as to see its inner working, and notices the cordial relations subsisting between teachers and taught, may be excused for thinking that the tutorial staff could scarce be improved. There is so much earnest desire for the welfare and the education of those committed to their charge, so much real hard work on both sides, that it is difficult to understand how it comes to pass that the complaint is still made and reiterated, that the Eton training is not all that it should be, that literature in the large sense, history, modern languages, and physical science are all neglected, that too much time is spent in composition, the mere niceties of scholarship, and that these, after all, are no better taught than at schools into which the requirements of modern education enter far more largely. We do not deny that there are boys at Eton who, with the aid of able tutors, qualify themselves not only for College Examinations, but also to take their place in after-life as cultivated men. It was only a few weeks since that we heard of an Eton boy who had read the whole of Gibbon in his leisure hours: others are accomplished modern linguists. But, if this may be done by one here and there, surely a part of the same may be done by all, were only such subjects introduced into the school system. Let all boys above sixteen be free to choose, or their tutors be free to choose for them, some line of study for which a portion of the classical work may be given up. The scholar, or one who has a hope of being so, will stick to the old and beaten track, but there is ample room for classes in the subjects we have named as part of the regular school-work. And until some such change is made, the public will not consider Eton boys are taught as they should be; they do not believe the old assertion that classics, and classics only, can teach boys to learn; they will yet continue to think that the men they meet in London society—statesmen, diplomatists, scientific men, men of world-wide reputation, who have not had a public school training—are often better



educated than the classicists; and they cannot but believe that the social advantages of a great school may go hand-in-hand with a wider and more liberal course of study. This would have the effect of requiring more hours of definite work from the boys, less from the masters, and so leave them more time for their own studies, without which their teaching must of necessity lose much of its value. For the time spent in school by an Eton boy is extremely small. Few things surprise a stranger more, on his walks through the College, than the extreme rarity and brevity of those occasions on which he can see no boys about, in which they are *all* in class. And, though further inquiry will show some four or five hours more in the week spent by elder boys in the "pupil-room,"—the younger lads do their work there in preparation for school—though a studious boy who works at his composition will have to spend a good many hours over Latin themes and verses, and Greek iambs,—it is still true that for the idle by choice—and these are the majority in all schools—the actual time consumed in necessary work is very little indeed. Not so with the tutor. He, if in at all an average position as to the number of his pupils and their rank in the school, has to look over, correct, and advise his boys concerning *at least* ninety exercises in prose and verse, varying from the mere mechanical fourth form work—which demands no thought, but is nevertheless wearying to the brain—to the original verses of lads high in the school, which tax all his scholarship and taste to supervise and improve. This is in addition to his lectures in school, and his "private business" with his pupils, for which, if he is honest, he *must* prepare so as to be ready with illustration, with parallel passages, with niceties of scholarship, that there be no waste of time in the short period at his disposal. The late Head Master, now the Provost, restricted the number of pupils to be taken by any tutors, who entered on work at Eton under his rule, to forty; but it is notorious that

this order, even then disregarded, has never since been enforced, and that to a successful man the only limit to his pupils is his own conscience. The result is twofold: that men, not being always the best judges of their own powers, take more pupils than they can manage, and that, while the clever ones are admirably taught, the less clever, or less diligent, are comparatively neglected, and the teaching in school suffers from the size of the classes. For since the masters are paid almost entirely by their pupils, none can be added to the school till the exorbitant demand for pupils on the part of those already in possession is satisfied. We are quite certain that no unprejudiced person will hold that one man can teach efficiently more than thirty boys in or out of school. And if, by the diminution of pupils on the one hand, and the quantity and composition in the school-work on the other, the tutor is in any degree freed from his present excessive work, then there will be more time for increased hours of school-work, for more varied subjects, and more supervision of the work of the idle and dull. The mere mention of a reduced number of pupils, which of course implies a reduction of profits, at once looses vials of wrath on the head of him who dares discuss these matters with an Eton master. He who is so bold needs not only a pseudonym, whether "*Paterfamilias*," or some other, but also his giant frame and the supreme indifference to abuse of him who so signs himself. We have already said that the official incomes of the masters should be made considerably larger out of the funds of the College, whose property is, or soon will be, enormously on the increase, neither do we grudge the sum now paid for board and tuition in a tutor's house, amounting to somewhere about 120*l.* a year. And if, indeed, the Eton education is worth still more than this, there are many who would willingly pay it; while most would admit that the value of all commodities, tuition included, is precisely what they will fetch. But this by no means in-



cludes the admission of the right of any man to take more pupils than he can teach in the best way, and those who pay highly are entitled to demand that the best men in the market shall be gathered to teach their boys. Only when Eton masters are as many, or more, in proportion to the school as those of Harrow and Rugby, only when they are able to say their own University distinctions are higher, and their profits less than these, will they have a right to complain if some soreness is felt at the article supplied for the price charged.

While on this question of money, we may say that we do not believe the ostensible charges at Eton are any real grievance to those who send their sons to that school. 120*l.* or 150*l.* would be paid cheerfully by those who could afford it, once they were convinced of its profitable employment, while those who felt that such a sum was beyond their means would seek a cheaper school. But the complaint against Eton expenses is, that they are indefinitely raised by fees for sanatorium, lighting, watermen, besides applications for subscriptions for new schools, and even for racquet courts, if not with the approval, certainly without the disapproval, of the authorities. And now, as in far higher matters and far distant days, Englishmen resent the payment of a shilling when it seems to them unjust, while they will make any sacrifices to afford what is reasonable. These charges are many of them most unreasonable. We pay, or are ready to pay, such sum as may be necessary for our sons' schooling, but we are not prepared to have an extra charge made for things which ought to be a part of the "plant" of the establishment. We do not expect, if we send our children to a private school or tutor, to be told that we must pay a sum over and above the nominal terms in order that a new study may be built in which to teach the pupils, or for a quieter room into which they are moved if ill; we assume that these things are provided, and should count the professions of a schoolmaster or tutor as

those of a Squeers, if they attempted to instruct boys without rooms to sit down in, or lamps to read by. But if it is really true that, without making these vexatious charges, a fair profit cannot be made, by all means let a definite sum be named, which shall spare us these insolvent appeals for shillings, this perpetual plea of poverty.

The subscriptions towards amusements stand, it is true, on a different footing; but here, for the lads' own sake, we cannot but suggest that something should be done to check at once the excessive expenditure lavished on some of them, as "The Boats," and the prominent place they are allowed to assume in the thoughts of masters and boys. Athletic sports may become a nuisance by their over-elaboration, and we need only point to the way in which, during the summer half, the whole school is delivered up to one fever of cricket and boating, to show that at least some check, rather than encouragement, is needed from the masters. There is no fear for many a long day that boys will be over worked at Eton, and one simple reform would arise in this matter, if some real examination for the whole body were fixed to take place at the end of the summer time, as it now, in fact, does take place for the Collegers who are to compete for King's.

On nothing is it so difficult to touch as on the question of morality at a public school. The dangers and the sins of boy life can never be wholly understood but by him who has gone through the former—perhaps only by him who has shared the latter. And such would be among the last to wear their hearts upon their sleeves in the pages of a magazine. But if there be parents sending their sons to school, who are themselves aware of possible pitfalls, even where there is seeming safety, let them encourage the tutors to be brave and firm with all evils their pupils encounter—not shrinking from speaking to them on the most delicate subjects, not treating spiritual and physical trials simply as school offences

when discovered, not ignoring evils they might easily find, because to find them would be inconvenient. Then the tutors will have their reward in a pure and good society over which to bear rule, in the life-long thanks of the lads who have needed and received their advice. It must not be thought that, in saying this, we would imply that Eton is a place of a lax morality; our own opinion is the direct opposite, namely, that it will hold its own with any school in the kingdom both in freedom from evil and in detestation of the grosser kinds of vice; but we do think that Eton masters need encouragement from without to enable them to deal promptly, even with boys' *lesser* faults, and, if they are afraid of facing these, how much more may they fear to face the great ones if need shall arrive? We suppose that every parent who sends his boy to school would wish his habits and tone to approximate as nearly as may be to those he has learned, and which would be enforced at home, and that among the things he would sternly and peremptorily forbid in the holidays would be any frequenting of public-house taps, because, even short of drunkenness, drinking except at meal times, or after hard exercise, is sottish and degrading.

We have glanced at the School in its study and its play, and, however much we would alter, are not insensible of the real work done in the classes, or the bright joyousness, the healthy manliness of the hours under the great trees Eton owes to her Puritan Provost Rous, or on the blue waters of Thames. We have now only to speak of that which enters more largely into a boy's training than he himself is aware—the services in the chapel, and the religious teaching of the school.

If in any fresh ordering of the Chapel Services it came to pass that they were directed by those who have not so long passed their boyhood that they have forgotten a boy's needs, the present absurd and injurious system of attendance at the week-day services would of necessity be changed. At present there are daily prayers at ten and three—hours at

which it is obvious boys are not able to attend except on half holidays, and then the service takes the place of an "absence," or a school. There are those who, obtuse to the absurdity of their own assertions, say that the theory is that the school would attend if it could, and that the moment preventive checks are removed the boys assemble in church as their natural occupation and delight; but the deadness of the service, the absence of almost all the masters but those officially bound to be present, is a sufficient answer to such nonsense as this. The service *at that time* is simply a vexation to all who are present, except possibly to the Fellow in residence, who, having nothing else to do, may be glad of half an hour's not too arduous occupation. A short early service each day, as at many other schools, would be a very different matter.

The private religious instruction of the boys is left, as it ought to be, in the hands of the tutors, and these of course are men of many shades of opinion, so that a parent who is anxious about the possible colour to be given to his son's opinions has the opportunity of exercising some discrimination. But, so far as we know, the majority, at least, are careful to keep within the limits of a safe, if somewhat timid and stagnant, orthodoxy.

Our task is done. Though self-imposed, it has not been altogether a grateful one; for, while dwelling on Eton defects, the mind cannot but turn back from the words which are traced by the pen to the memories of pleasant days, affectionate schoolfellows, and a tutor's watchful care. But we know that the best men at Eton are keenest for her reform, that their acquiescence with the present state of things is far from complete; nor are their protests wholly disregarded. It has been said that the School is now "a despotism, tempered by three-cornered notes." But the reform so much needed is not to be brought about, the blots on her fairness cannot be removed, unless there come help from without. The Public Schools Bill, a most incomplete one,

is not yet passed, and there is time for a closer consideration of the measures which must come in the future. We are not so sanguine or so conceited as to imagine that these will be, or ought to be, wholly such as we would have them, and yet in some such direction they will necessarily be; but only by knowing how far advanced Reformers would wish

to go can those who uphold the present administration guess at the deep dissatisfaction with which the love of many for their nursing mother is mingled. It is with Eton as with the country and the throne: we do not love the Queen and England less when we wish, as all do at times, to overthrow a Ministry, and undo the errors of the past.

## 'LONGSHORE LIFE AT BOULAK.

BY LADY DUFF-GORDON.

OFF BOULAK, 10th July, 1866.

I HAVE been shamefully lazy of late: what with feeling very unwell and what with finding such an alarming state of things... No one in Egypt is paid now; all pensions and salaries are three months in arrear; the soldiers and workmen unpaid; forced loans;—in short, universal ruin and distress.

Mr. Palgrave has left Egypt, and I am to inherit his little black servant, Mabrook, whom he left ill at Luxor, in Mustafa's house. I have sent for him.

I am much better again, only weak and nervous. I am very comfortable here, anchored off Boulak, with my Reis and one sailor. A bad *hashash*, or opium eating boy turned Achmet's head, who ran away for two days and spent a dollar in riotous living; he returned penitent, and got no fatted calf, but dry bread and a confiscation of his new clothes.

The heat, when I left Luxor, was prodigious. I was detained three days by the death of Sheykh Yussuf's poor little wife and baby (in childbirth), so I was forced to stay and eat the funeral feast, and be present at the Khatmeh (reading of the Koran on the third night), or it would not have seemed kind. The Cadi gave me a very curious prayer-book, the Guide of the Faithful, written in Darfour! in beautiful characters and with very singular decorations, and in

splendid binding. It contains the names of all the prophets and of the hundred appellations of Mohammed, and is therefore a powerful *Hegab* or talisman. He requested me to keep it with me. Such books cannot be bought with money at all. I also bought a most beautiful *Hegab* of cornelian set in enamel, the verse of the Koran splendidly engraved, and dated 250 years ago.

It was so hot that I could not face the ride up to Keneh, when all my friends there came to fetch me, nor could I go to Sioot. I never felt such heat. At Benisonef I went to see our Maohn's daughter married to another Maohn there: it was a pleasant visit. The master of the house was out, and his mother and wife received me like one of the family; such a pretty woman and such darling children!—a pale little slight girl of five, a sturdy boy of four, and a baby boy of one year old. The eager hospitality of the little creatures was quite touching. The little girl asked to have on her best frock, and then she stood before me seriously and diligently, and asked every now and then, "Shall I make thee a sherbet? Shall I bring thee a coffee?" And then questions about grandpapa and grand-mamma, and Abd-el-Hameed and Abd-el-Fettah; while the boy sat on his heels before me and asked questions about my family in his baby talk, and assured me it was a good day to him, and wanted

me to stay three days, and to sleep with them. Their father came in and gave each a small coin, which, after consulting together, they tied in the corner of my handkerchief, "to spend on my journey." The little girl took such care of my hat and gloves and shoes, all very strange garments to her, but politeness was stronger than curiosity with the little things. I breakfasted with them all next day, and found much cookery going on for me. I took a doll for my little friend Ayoosheh, and some sugar-plums for Mohammed, but they laid them aside in order to devote themselves to the stranger, and all quietly, and with no sort of show-off or obtrusiveness. Even the baby seemed to have the instinct of hospitality, and was full of smiles. It was all of a piece with the good old lady their grandmother, at Luxor, who wanted to wash my clothes for me herself, because I said the black slave of Mohammed washed badly. Remember that to do "menial offices" for a guest is an honour and pleasure, and not derogatory at all here. The ladies cook for you, and say, "I will cook my best for thee." The worst is that they stuff one so. Little Ayoosheh asked after my children, and said, "May God preserve them for thee. Tell thy little girl that Mohammed and I love her from afar off." Whereupon Mohammed declared that in a few years, please God, when he should be *batal* (marriageable), he would marry her and live with me. When I went back to the boat the Effendi was ill with asthma, and I would not let him go with me in the heat (a polite man accompanies an honoured guest back to his house, or boat, or tent). So the little boy volunteered, and we rode off on the Effendi's donkey, which I had to bestride, with Mohammed on the hump of the saddle before me. He was delighted with the boat, of course, and romped and played about till we sailed, when his slave took him home. Those children gave me quite a happy day with their earnest gracious hospitality.

14th July, 1866.

Since I wrote, I have had the boatstoppers, with a carpenter and a *menegget* (cushion-stuffer), and had not a corner even to write in . . . I am much better, and have got over the nervous depression which made me unable or ashamed to write. My young carpenter—a Christian—half Syrian, half Copt, of the Greek rite, and altogether a Cairene—would have pleased you. He would not work on Sunday, but, instead, came mounted on a splendid tall black donkey, and handsomely dressed, to pay me a visit, and go out with me for a ride. So he, I, and Omar went up to the Saedah (Lady) Zeyneb's mosque, to inquire for Mustafa Bey Soobky, the Hakeem Pasha, whom I had known at Luxor. I was told by the porter of the mosque to seek him at the shop of a certain grocer, his particular friend, where he sits every evening. On going there we found the shop with its lid shut down (a shop is like a box on its side, with the lid pulled up when open, and dropped when shut; as big as a cobbler's stall in Europe). The young grocer was being married, and Mustafa Bey was ill. So I went to his house in the quarter (*Hara*)—such narrow streets!—and was shown up by a young eunuch into the hareem, and found my old friend very poorly, but spent a pleasant evening with him, his young wife (a Georgian slave whom he had married), his daughter by a former wife,—whom he had married when he was fourteen, and the female dwarf buffoon of the *Wad-deh Bashe* (Ismail's mother), whose heart I won by rising to her, because she was so old and deformed. The other women laughed, but the little old dwarf liked it. She was a Circassian, and seemed clever. You see how the "Thousand and One Nights" are quite true and real; how great Beys sit with grocers, and carpenters have no hesitation in offering a civility to *naas omra* (noble people). This is what makes Arab society quite unintelligible and impossible to most Europeans.

My carpenter's boy was the son of a *moosheed* (singer in the mosque), and at

night he used to sit and warble with his little baby-voice, and little round, innocent face, the most violent love-songs. He was about eight years old, and sang with wonderful finish and precision, but no expression, until I asked him for a sacred song, which begins, "I cannot sleep for longing for thee, O Full Moon" (the Prophet), and then the little chap warmed to his work, and the feeling came out.

I told you that Palgrave has left in my charge a little black boy of his, now at Luxor, where he left him very ill, with Mustafa Agha. The child told me he was a "nyan-nyan" (cannibal), but he did not look ogre-ish. I have written to Mustafa to send him me by the first opportunity. Achmet has quite recovered his temper.

15th July, 1866.

Last night came the two cushion-stuffers to pay a friendly visit, and sat and told stories; so I ordered coffee. One of them told a fisherman, who stopped his boat alongside for a little conversation, the story of two fishermen, the one a Jew, the other a Muslim, who were partners in the time of the Arab Prophet (upon whom be blessing and peace!). The Jew, when he flung his nets, called on the prophet of the Jews, and hauled it up full of fish every time; then the Muslim called on our master Mohammed, &c. &c. and hauled up each time only stones, until the Jew said, "Depart, O man, thou bringest us misfortune; shall I continue to take half thy stones, and give thee half my fish? Not so." So the Muslim went to our master Mohammed, and said, "Behold, I mention thy name when I cast my net, and I catch only stones and calamity. How is this?" But the blessed Prophet said to him, "Because thy stomach is black inwardly, and thou thoughtest to sell thy fish at an unfair price, and to defraud thy partner and the people, while the Jew's heart was clean towards thee, and the people, and therefore God listened to him rather than to thee."

I hope the fisherman was edified by this fine moral. I also had good stories from the chief diver of Cairo, who came to examine the bottom of my boat, and told me, in a whisper, a long tale of his grandfather's descent below the waters of the Nile into the land of the people who live there, and keep tame crocodiles to hunt fish for them. They gave him a sleeve-full of fishes' scales, and told him never to return, and not to tell about them, and when he got home the scales had turned to money. Most wonderful of all was Haggi Hannah's story of her own life, and the journey of Omar's mother carrying her old mother in a basket on her head from Damietta to Alexandria, and dragging Omar, then a very little boy, by the hand. The energy of many women here is amazing.

The Nile is rising fast and the *Bisheer* is come (the messenger who precedes the Hajj, and brings letters). *Bisheer* is "good tidinger," to coin a word. Many hearts are lightened and many half broken to-day. I shall go up to the Abassia to meet the Mahmal and see the Hajjees arrive.

Next Friday I must take my boat out of the water, or at least heel her over to repair the bad places. It seems I once cured a Reis of the Basha's of dysentery at Minieh, and he has not forgotten it, though I had; so I shall have a good place on the Nile bank. I shall move out all the things and myself into a boat of Zubeydeh's for four or five days, and stay alongside to superintend my caulkers.

I want to read Baker's book very much. I am much pleased with Abdel-Kader's book which Dozon sent me, and want the original dreadfully for Sheykh Yussuf, to show him that he and I are supported by such an authority as the great ameer in our notions about the real unity of the Faith. The book is a curious mixture of good sense and credulity—quite "Arab of the Arabs." I will write a paper on the popular belief of Egypt: it will be curious, I think. By the way, I see in the papers and reviews speculations as to some imaginary Moham-

medan conspiracy, because of the very great number of pilgrims last year from all parts to Mecca. *C'est chercher day à quatorze heures*. Last year the *midî* of Abraham's sacrifice,—and therefore the day of the pilgrimage—(the sermon on Mount Ararat), fell on a Friday, and when that happens there is always a rush, owing to the popular notion that the *Hajj el Gumma* (pilgrimage of the Friday) is seven times blessed, or even equivalent to making it seven times in ordinary years. As any beggar in the street could tell a man this, it may give you some notion of how absurdly people make theories out of nothing for want of a little conversation.

The *Moolid e Nebbee* (Festival of the Prophet) has just begun. I am to have a place in the great *Derweesh's* tent to see the *Doseh*.

The Nile is rising fast: we shall kill the poor little Luxor black lamb on the day of the opening of the canal, and have a fantasia at night; only I grieve for my little white pussy, who sleeps every night on *Ablook's* (the lamb) woolly neck, and loves him dearly. Pussy (*Biss* is Arabic for puss) was the gift of a Coptic boy at Luxor, and is wondrous funny, and as much more active and lissom than an European cat as an Arab is than an Englishman.

20th August, 1866.

\*Since I wrote last I have had a bilious attack, followed by obstinate congestion of the liver. Every one has had the same, and most far worse than I; but I was very wretched, and most shamefully cross also.

I am beyond measure exasperated about my boat. I went up to the *Alee el Klalig* (cutting the canal) to see the great sight of the *Bride of the Nile*—a lovely sight—and, on returning, we all but sunk. I got out into a boat of *Zubeydeh's* with all my goods, and hauled up my boat, and found her bottom rotten from stem to stern. So here I am, in the midst of wood merchants, sawyers, &c. rebuilding her bottom. My Reis said he had "carried her on his head all this time; but what could such a

one as he say against the word of a *Hawageh*?" Omar brings the wood and superintends, together with the Reis; and the builders seem very good workmen and very fair dealing. I pay day by day, and have a scribe to keep the accounts: every atom has to be new. I never saw anything so rotten afloat. If I had gone up the cataract, I should never have come down alive.

Palgrave's servant, *Mabrook*, has arrived, and turns out well. He is a stout lubberly boy, with infinite good humour.

27th August, 1866.

The last two or three days we have been in great tribulation about the boat. On Saturday all her ribs were finished, and the planking and caulking ready to put on, when in the night up came the old Nile with a rush, and threatened to carry her off; but by the favour of *Abu el Haggag* and *Sheykh-el Bostawee* she was saved, in this wise. You remember the tall steersman who went with us to *Bedreesayn*, and whom we thought so ill-conditioned; well, he was in charge of a *dahabyeh* close by, and he called up all the *Reises* and steersmen to help. "O men of *El Bostawee*, this is *our boat*" (that is, we are the servants of her owner), "and she is in our faces," and then he set the example, stripped, and carried dust and hammered in piles all night, and by morning she was surrounded by a dyke breast high. The "longshore" men of Boulak were not a little surprised to see dignified *Reises* working for nothing like *Fellaheen*. Meanwhile my three *Maallimeen*, the chief builder, caulker, and foreman, had also stayed all night with Omar and my Reis, who worked like the rest; and the *Sheykh* of all the boatbuilders went to visit one of my *Maallims*, who is his nephew, and hearing the case, came down too at one in the morning, and stayed till dawn. Then, as the workmen passed, going to their respective jobs, he called them, and said, "Come and finish this boat; it must be done by to-morrow night." Some men who objected, and said they



were going to various places, got a beating *pro forma*, and the end of it was, that I found forty-six men under my boat working "like *Afreets* and *Shaitans*," when I went to see how all was going on in the morning. The old Sheykh marked a piece to each four men, and then said, "If that is not done to-night, O dogs! to-morrow I'll put on the hat"—that is, "To-day I have beaten moderately, like an Arab, but to-morrow, please God, I'll beat like a Frank, and be mad with the stick." In short, the boat which yesterday morning was a skeleton, is now, at 4 P.M. to-day, finished, caulked, pitched, and all capitally done; so, if the Nile carries off the dyke, she will float safe. The shore is covered with *débris* of other people's half-finished boats. I believe I owe the ardour of the *Maallims* and the Sheykh of the builders to one of my absurd pieces of Arab civility. On the day when Omar killed poor Ablook, my black sheep, over the bows, and "straked his blood" upon them, the three *Maallimeen* came on board this boat to eat their dish, and I followed the old Arab fashion and ate out of the wooden dish with them and the Reis "for luck," or rather "for a blessing," as we say here; and it seems that this gave immense satisfaction. My Reis wept at the death of the poor sheep, who used to follow him to the coffee-shop and the market, and "was to him as a son," he said; but he ate of him, nevertheless. Omar surreptitiously picked out the best pieces for my dinner for three days, with his usual eye to economy; then lighted a fire of old wood, borrowed a cauldron of some Derweeshes, cut up the sheep, added water and salt, onions and herbs, and boiled the sheep. Then the big washing copper (a large flat round tray, like a sponging-bath) was filled with bread broken in pieces, over which the broth was slowly poured, till the bread was soaked. Next came a layer of boiled rice; on the top of that the pieces of boiled meat; over all was poured butter, vinegar, and garlic boiled together. This is called a *Fettah*, and is the

orthodox dish of Derweeshes and other semi-religious, semi-festive, semi-charitable festivities. It is excellent, and not expensive. I asked how many had eaten, and was told 130 men had "blessed my hand." I expended 160 piastres on bread, butter, vinegar, &c.; the sheep was worth two napoleons—three napoleons in all, or less, for I ate for two days of the mutton.

21st September, 1866.

Omar is from dawn till night at work in my boat, overlooking the work and the wood, nails, hemp, &c. which the careless Arabs would waste. So I have only Mabrook and Achmet, and you would wonder to see how well I am served. Achmet cooks a very good dinner, serves it, and orders Mabrook about. Sometimes I whistle and hear "*Hader*" from the water, and in tumbles Achmet, with the water running "down his innocent nose," and looking just like a little bronze triton off a renaissance fountain, with a blue shirt and white skull-cap added. Mabrook is a big lubberly negro lad of the laugh-and-grow-fat breed,—clumsy, but not stupid, and very good and docile. He is a most worthy savage, the very picture of good nature. If he is of a cannibal tribe, his people must eat men from a perverted feeling of philanthropy. But his ugliness is more than can be told. Evidently his father was an *Afreet*. You would delight in his guffaws, and the merry laughter of my *ménage* is very pleasant to me. Another boy swims on board from Goodah's boat (his Achmet), and then there are games at piracy, and much stealing of red pots from the potter's boats. The joke is to snatch one under the owner's very nose, and swim off brandishing it, whereupon the boatman uses eloquent language, and the boys out-hector him, and every one is much amused. I only hope that Palgrave won't come back from Sookum Kaleh to fetch Mabrook just as he has got clever—not at stealing jars, but in his work. He already washes my clothes very nicely indeed; his stout black arms

are made for a washerboy. Achmet looked forward to your coming with great eagerness. He is mad to go to England, and in his heart planned to ingratiate himself with you, and go as a "general servant." He is very little, if at all, bigger than a child of eight, but an Arab boy *ne doute de rien*, and does serve admirably. What would an English respectable cook say to seeing

"two dishes and a sweet" cooked over a little old wood on a few bricks, by a baby in a single blue shirt?—and very well cooked too, and followed by incomparable coffee.

The carpenter will finish in the boat to-day, then the painter begins, and in a week I shall be in my own boat again. I am in one of poor Zubeydeh's, which is not comfortable.

## WHAT IS MATERIALISM?

BY THE LATE PROFESSOR GROTE.

[The following paper was one of the last things written by the late Professor Grote, and would no doubt have formed a chapter in the second volume of the "*Exploratio Philosophica*," had he lived to fulfil his intention of completing that work.

To those who did not know him it may serve to show what an irreparable loss English philosophy has sustained by his death, while those who knew him or his writings will recognise here the same freshness of thought, the same largeness of view, the same absolute devotion to truth which characterize all he wrote, and which made the man himself the very model of a genuine philosopher in the eyes of those who were admitted to his more intimate companionship. To such persons it may afford some consolation to learn that he has left behind him a large quantity of MSS., philosophical and literary, the greater part of which, it is hoped, will in time be given to the world.

J. B. MAYOR.]

THE word "progress" may be said to have a triple meaning. It is progress as "course," or progress as "improvement," or progress as "advance."

The "course" of philosophy as the history of man goes on is "improvement," but is not necessarily "advance." By which I mean: the course of physical science is improvement, and this improvement is advance; i.e. our cyclopædia of actual knowledge in it increases every day in bulk, and we can distinctly mark each step. Not so in philosophy; we may understand philosophy better than the ancients did, without knowing

more about it; perhaps even seeming to know less.

There exists in modern times one great branch of physical science which scarcely existed at all among the ancients, but which now enlarges its dimensions, and increases its discoveries, every day. This is the application of anatomy to psychology, psychical or psychologic anatomy, physiopsychology or psychophisiology, if we take care of the meaning which we give to this latter expression. This claims to take the place of philosophy as hitherto treated, on the double ground of this latter having been non-advancing, which, according to a manner of thought usual with us now, is taken for the same as wrong or false; and also (a view considered in close connexion with the other) of its dealing with notions and unrealities, whereas the psychical anatomy deals with facts.

In order for philosophy to hold its ground, it is necessary, in regard of the former of these views, that it should either show itself advancing, or else show that its improvement does not necessarily involve advance; and in regard of the latter, it should be prepared to question the claim of the psychical anatomy to be the sole domain of *fact* in regard to thought and knowledge; to make good a *higher* notion of *fact*.

It is one of the principles upon which

I have wished to go from the first, that whatever the psychical anatomy can make out upon its own proper scientific method, is to be, not grudgingly admitted, but cordially welcomed, as what must really help philosophy, so far as philosophy is the pursuit of truth. I regard the jealousy felt of researches in this direction, on the ground of their supposed leading to what is called "materialism," as a very great misfortune. Such a feeling justifies the counter-feeling on the part of those who make the researches, that they are pursuing a road which leads to something which, as a matter of course, must be looked upon by a large number of people as something to be accepted indeed—for we can do no better—but something disheartening, cutting off hope, lowering, inconsistent with ideals and aspiration, brow-beating our self-complacency, and reducing us to our true place in existence from a vague imagination of a higher. All this, on one side and the other, seems to me something quite beside science and philosophy. Vain dread on the one side and vain pretension on the other here aggravate each other.

I may as well preface what I am upon now by saying in general, that wherever, whether on the side of religion or on a side more or less opposed to it, I meet with a doctrine one of whose principles is the brow-beating and humiliation of any part of our intelligence, I look upon it so far as at once wrong. I look upon both religion and truth (to speak of them for the moment as different) as elevators of our thought, and when I am told in respect of anything professing to be the one or the other,—"It is hard, but this is something to which you must bow and subject your intelligence,"—"It is hard, but this is something to which you must depress your imaginations and limit your hopes,"—I feel, if I do not say, that I *believe* in my intelligence, my imaginations, and my hopes, and require whoever claims thus to invalidate them to show a very definite warrant for it. When I am bid to accept, as I

am most ready to do, the information which an apparently well-grounded revelation gives me, I say, I can only accept this in the same way on which I could accept *any* information or testimony about anything, viz. on the basis of my having an intelligence prepared for it, of my having certain ideas and notions already upon that which the information concerns, or else I can make nothing of it. The information may perhaps put an end to some speculations which after it I find to be vain, but its character as a whole must be an enlarging and supplement of my knowledge, not an overbrowing of it; and though I *partially* submit my intelligence, I in a much greater degree find it expanded and elevated.

My feeling seems to me to be the same, with a different application, when I read what is said by many professing materialists. It is all very well, they will tell us, to imagine and to hope: but truth exists not for *us*: that we should like a thing to be so and so, is no reason for supposing that it is so: there may be human guesses, imaginations, about a spiritual world, about a future life, and much besides, and yet all this may be illusion only, and if we find out the fact to be otherwise, we must confess it *is* only illusion, and must acquiesce in our lot.

Supposing this professing materialist to have followed, as he very likely will have done, what I have called above the proper scientific method of psychical anatomy, I allow fully that in that which he calls upon me to submit my imaginations and hopes to, there is much of truth. But what I want to be certain of is, how far the truth which he brings me is *all* the truth which there is about the matter. It is very likely that to *him* it will appear so: it is what he has most likely spent his life in investigating, and the study of which has formed his mind: so much the *more* is what he brings likely to be truth within its range of bearing: but I am not so ready as he would have me to allow, that my imaginations and hopes have nothing to do with truth. They are *facts*: they

seem to me to *mean* something, to be-token something: it may be hard to tell what: but then I ask myself, whether the line of thought of this physiologist has been such as to make *him* a good judge about them, and to warrant him thus summarily to tell me that they mean nothing, and are worth nothing. To know the mutual inconsistency or contradictoriness of two kinds of truth, we must have a knowledge not only from the one side, but from the other. And I have a belief (of course such a matter can be *belief* only) that truth is a mistress who reigns by the affections of her subjects, our thoughts, not by arbitrary calls for their submission: and whenever I hear these latter, I feel a disposition to think that is not *truth* that is calling, but either something else in her name, or else servants of hers who do not quite know the proper language of her servants.

There is indeed one thing most important to bear in mind about anything in regard of which we have imaginations, or hopes, or fears, and that is, that our thoughts do not make fact, and that the truth, whatever it is, *is* what it is, whatever we think about it. I mention this because, in matters as to which our thought is *really* so important as, we will say, a future life, we are apt to make it to us even of *more* importance than it really is, by a sort of feeling as if the fact depended upon it, as if the professing materialist not *only* took away from us whatever comfort (of course also whatever dread) the thought *here* of a future life might cause, but the future life itself. The future life will be, if it is to be, quite independent of what the materialist or we may think about it; and so far as our lot in it is to depend on what we do or believe here, *that* also will be as it is to be, independent of philosophical speculation, only that *then* the possible destruction of our *belief* by this materialism may be a matter of important consideration. But, besides the religious belief which we may have, and in a region of thought wider and more elementary than this, it seems to me that the ultimate feeling

of our nature (or our reason, for here all such words mean the same thing,) is, that so far as we have given to us faculties to imagine and hope whatever it may be, we have, in a manner, given us the thing itself; that in nature there is nothing self-stultifying, self-neutralizing; that every submission of our intelligence, which is like doing violence to it, is not the language of science or philosophy; that its submission must be to reason, and, so to speak, to reason in the same kind of thought. However, I am not unlikely to have to speak of this again, and will not dwell longer on it now.

I have used the expression "professed materialists" here to signify those who, from the point of view of psychical anatomy, consider themselves able to make out that the notions which men have at various times maintained as to another world and a future life, cannot possibly have any foundation. We will now see how far, in the way of this method of psychical anatomy, we *do* seem to arrive in this direction.

Supposing for a time we abstract and put aside all notion of personality or consciousness, and consider that, on the method of psychical anatomy, all thought, even the most complicated, is explained, that is to say, explained with such explanation as the principles of psychical anatomy allow of; let us see what this amounts to.

We will, then, say nothing about "I" or "we"; but simply "there is thought," "there is action," and so on, in the various degrees of complication and abstractness. And we will suppose that we are able to dissect or analyse our corporeal organization to the extremest point of subtlety: not only to dissect its composition, but to follow the most delicate movements, in their actual occurrence, of the most refined portions of it.

Were this so, we might conceive ourselves arriving at such a point of knowledge, as to have a corporeal movement or change of state (including in "corporeal" everything—even the most refined—dissectible, observable, or ana-

lysable) for every mental change of state or thought (as we should express ourselves in the now usual language); and as we know at present that there is an affection of the optic nerve corresponding to sight, so we might know that, corresponding to the most abstract or complicated thought, as that two straight lines cannot inclose a space, that Socrates was poisoned, or that there is such a thing as virtue, there was some affection of some nerve, or of some portion, large or small, of the nerve and brain system, particular according to the particularity of the thought; so that with any variation of the thought, there would be variation of the bodily state. We might continue the supposition to the passage from thought to what we call "action." Thus corresponding to what in language we call the determining to do a thing, and the doing it, we may suppose the minute internal movement only appreciable by the psychical anatomist, followed by movements of hand and arm, &c., visible to all.

If we conceive a theory of this kind perfect, the psychical anatomist will be able to describe thought perfectly from *his* point of view. We will suppose (*this* is mere supposition, for greater definiteness) that the theory is something like Hartley's, of vibrations in delicate nervous strings all over the body, brain and all; then the idea of space, *e.g.* as we call it, is, in the description of the psychical anatomist, a particular vibration of such and such portions of the nervous system. It would be just the same if we took any other theory of what I may call the corporeal characters of thought; we may suppose imagination, the sense of memory, &c. to be, as Hobbes calls it, decaying sense, or to be sense persistent in any way, or semi-persistent, or latently persistent with a tendency to recur, should particular associations bring it back. As there is affection of the nerves in sense, so there will be similarly in imagination and memory. Let abstract thought then again arise from the various confluence of imaginations, and the nerves being affected in the imaginations, so they

will be again in a more complicated and refined manner in the abstract thought. The abstract thought, then, to describe it from this point of view, is this affection of the nerves or nervous state; the brain and body altogether is a delicate organization and system, which, correspondingly with the existence of thought, is in one state or other, and its being in this or that state we may say constitutes the thought.

The point is, how much do we *explain* by all this? and, in saying that the refined bodily state constitutes the thought, do we do any more than shut our eyes to one portion of the entire fact? In the view above, there take place in the organization, according to the laws of nature, certain changes, according to higher laws indeed, but still in the same sort of way in which chemical changes, we will say, take place in some chemical substance; in fact, the same sort of way in which physical change of every kind takes place. Our view is enlarged, and our physical knowledge increased, by the observation of the laws of these changes. But I do not see how, by observing them, we are got even any way towards the understanding of *thought*, in that meaning of thought which suggests to us the notion and expression thought, and leads us to say—still, not to come to personality and consciousness till we are fairly forced to do it—there is sight or thought of things, and this sight or thought of things is something different from anything that is in things, or from any action or affection of them: things, in reference to it, appear in a different light from that in which they appear in relation to each other. The expression "sight," from the first, means something different from the relation of an external object to a nerve; and all this apparent corporeal explanation is really nothing more than a circuitous way of doing what in substance, if it was meant to be done, might have been done at once, altering the meaning of the word, or, as I have said, shutting our eyes to a part of the fact which it expresses.

All the corporeal explanation is really only a discussion of a portion of the fact: what I have called above "professed materialism" is a taking of this portion of the fact for the whole. And the notion of the professed materialists, that they are right in doing this, seems to me a good deal confirmed by the dealing of their adversaries towards them. That we see with the eyes, everybody allows; but that we think with the brain, is called materialism. (It may now be seen why I have used the expression "professed materialism" with the design of distinguishing an avowed philosophical creed from vague charges of holding this or that doctrine.) But I do not see why it is more materialistic, in any important meaning of the term, to call the brain (or nervous system including the brain) the instrument or organ of thought in general, than the eye the instrument or organ of vision. The mistake arises in the main from that mistake about the nature of sense or sensation upon which I am continually animadverting. The eye sees, we say: or, more generally, the sense gives us experience or inferior knowledge. Now if, as it is the eye that sees, so it is the brain that thinks, then where are *we*? then materialism *does* absorb all. But in reality sight is thought, and a large part of what we call thought is inward sight, and the so-called materialist is probably right in saying that a large part of it at least, and maybe *all*, is accompanied with nervous affection, as sight is: only that it is *we* that do it all, sight as well as abstract thought, and unless there was the "*we*" doing it, sight would be no more sight than thought in general would be thought.

The anti-materialists seem to me to strengthen and encourage their adversaries by such arguments as this: "But then you leave the soul nothing to do—you make it a sort of idle presence by which everything is said to be done, a sort of royal personage in whose name all is done, but then all being done through the brain and body these are really what *do* all, and the supposition of the present *soul* is merely otiose." But

all this seems to me to be a mistake, and just the kind of mistake which gives possibility of reason to the materialist supposition. The body does not do one sort of work and the soul another, so as that if we find the body doing all that we previously supposed the soul did, we have lost all reason for supposing the soul to exist. If "*soul*" and "*body*" are the terms we like to use, then the body is the instrument of the soul, and it certainly to a *great* extent is an instrument of thought and knowledge, viz. in all that we call thought and knowledge: the finding it *more* an instrument of thought than we had previously considered, makes no philosophical alteration in the supposition; there is nothing in the new finding to give it less the character of an *instrument* than formerly; the absence of a part of the brain may be accompanied with incapacity for one sort of thought; this is like blindness as to the eye: and if we suppose the soul to have nothing to do but to manage the body as its instrument, that very management seems to me to be enough, and to imply what makes the supposition of it not otiose.

I have only however for a moment used this language of "*soul*" and "*body*," which belongs to an order of considerations to which I do not wish to advert now, viz. considerations as to the possible existence of the soul independently of the body. I am now speaking of thought *only*: and all thought, as we know anything about it, is at least *connected* with the body and sense. The supposition of the professed materialist is, that it is sufficiently described, as thought, by being called a modification of the more refined portions of the body.

All that can be discovered really by the psychical anatomist is, that there takes place this modification. The modification, or corporeal change, bears, as I have said, an analogy to a chemical change in any substance. It is in a way not only not physical, but which cannot be brought into relation with physical laws, that we know that this modification is accompanied by what we call



*consciousness*. And the important thing is, that this consciousness is not consciousness of the modification (the use, even momentarily, of this expression is distasteful to me—*consciousness* of something material), that is, it is not knowledge of the occurrence of the modification, such a knowledge as the anatomist afterwards gets, but it is a thought, knowledge, or whatever we may call it, of something apparently quite different. A modification takes place in my eye and optic nerve, and a part (or the whole) of my brain. I have a consciousness corresponding or contemporaneous with it; but my consciousness is not of the modification, or anything like it; my consciousness is something which I describe perhaps as the perception of a beautiful prospect with mountains, and trees, and houses, and sky. *This* then is at least *one* side of the thought which the psychical anatomist describes as such and such a modification of nerves and brain; and when he tells me again that the thought *is* this modification, and that is the last word of science about it, he does not seem to me to face or to look at the thing which I want explained, which is, how a thing which is on the one side this modification of nerves and brain should on the other side be something different. He will say, perhaps, this is a mystery—no physical science can tell us this: that is exactly what I think; but that being so, I do not see what is the use of saying that physical science exhausts, or tends to exhaust, the problem, or that we can have a physical science in any way occupying the ground of the old philosophy.

Let it be observed, that the consciousness is not, as I have said, of what can, by anatomy, be made out to take place, but apparently of something different from it: for it is *thus* that we have the two worlds, of thought and of fact, which, however they may be coincident, yet are, as thought and fact, mutually independent, and the relation of which together is, as we shall see in a moment, most complicated. We might suppose a chemical substance conscious of what takes place in it, as *e.g.* when some

change takes place in it in consequence of another particular substance being applied to it; for all that we know, there *may be* consciousness in the universe of this kind—we could form no notion of it if there was, and therefore it is not with a great amount of significance that we can say there is not. But our consciousness is not of this kind. Thought is not present at the nerves or brain and their modifications, or if it is, it is not as thought of *them*, but of something which has nothing to do with them: it is present, as *thought*, at the sun and stars in sight, at Mont Blanc and Chimborazo out of sight, at griffins and chimeras which could never possibly be in sight; or rather, and it is *here* that comes in the difficulty and the complication, it is present, as thought, at what, in consequence of the thought, we call by these names, but which, if it were not for the thought, would never be suggested to us, and are thus, in a manner, creations of the thought; so that we get into the entanglement, that while, on the one side, the psychical anatomist says that the thought cannot exist without the corresponding modification of nerve and brain, and even, perhaps, unphilosophically says, that this nerve and brain secrete or produce it; on the other, the philosopher, with equal reason, may say, that the thought creates the universe as we know it, and *in* it of course these very nerves and brain which are said to produce or be the cause of itself.

It is possible that the problem, in its entirety, may not be soluble for us: all I say is, let us not take half the problem for the whole, and give a partial investigation as a solution of the whole, for that is sure to be wrong, and that is what it seems to me the professed materialist does. I think that that view which I have previously commented on, which, as I expressed it, puts matter (or body) and mind by the side of each other in the universe, or divides the universe into mind on the one side, as a substance with *its* attributes, and body or matter on the other, as a substance (or substances) with *its* attributes, gives

us a misleading view of the problem. The universe is more complicated than this. What we have as the two things or elements in the universe—if we can in any way conceive them as two things, and get them into view side by side, which is the real problem—are not matter and mind, but what I will call “fact” and “seeming”; and by “seeming” I do not mean anything standing in contrast to *truth*—that may be or may not be—but I mean what I have described above as the one side of thought; the presentation to—*something* I suppose, whoever or whatever it may be—of things as being, of fact as fact. The difficulty about the universe is, that things not only *are*—we will consent to go with the physical philosopher so far—but *seem*; and that, when we come to examine what we mean by “they are,” we find that it seems to resolve itself into this “they seem,” or at least to *depend* upon it: and yet, if we start with the supposition that the things *are*, their “seeming” then is only in virtue of the existence among them of those particular things, with the qualities they have, which we call our nerves, brain, &c. If we consider our nerves and brain, it is the *seeming* which is an accident of that which is; the universe is a great miscellaneous aggregate, among the things of which happen to be certain nerves and brains, or intellectual organizations, and so the universe not only is, but seems, or is thought of. This, its seeming or being thought of, is to the materialist a subject of interest only as a matter of nerves and brain, and when these are anatomized, this accident of the universe is dismissed. But if we come at all to reflect on the “seeming” or the thoughtness, it is that, it appears to me, which presents itself to us as the main fact; and though I will not say that “being” is an accident of it, yet still we have to define to ourselves “that which is” in some such way as this, “that which seems to us to be, and *rightly* seems:” the seeming is the more general, and when we have excluded from it that which wrongly seems, there remains

that which is. And on *this* side seeming or thought, so far from being an accident of the universe, is the all-important thing about it.

The taking an *abstraction*, in the sense in which I have used the word on a former occasion, for the whole of the view which we should take, which is done, more or less, by many more than professed materialists, is a wider form of the mistake which I have noticed.

This “seeming” of things of course implies something more than the existence of things; it implies something—mind or intelligence we call it—to which they do seem as they do. I said just now that the universe was more complicated than we could conceive it simply to exist, made up of mind and matter, and their respective attributes. This is because, when we introduce mind, matter has a double character—that of being and seeming. This puzzles us. For discussions about the phenomenal world *itself*, and the mutual relations of the various parts of it, all is well, and there is no difficulty. We consider “phenomenon” as identical in signification with fact—that is, we think of the universe without any reference to its *seeming*, or being perceived and thought, only with reference to its supposed being; and, in effect, we take our idea of “being” from it: we mean by “a thing is” that it is as a part of this universe, or with the same manner of being which we suppose as belonging to that. We then have what I have before called the ordinary “phenomenalist,” or physical view of things. But all this is only valid, as I just now said, for the phenomenal world itself, and the relations of its parts; and this is what I have meant by previously calling this view “an abstraction.” That is, we must neither pronounce that there is no other reality besides this, nor must we apply to such other reality, supposing that there is such, the logic or manner of thought belonging to this. However it may be a fact that the phenomenal world *is*, it is at least as much a fact that it “seems,” i.e. presents itself as an object of thought to something which,

in virtue of this very fact, we must consider as different from itself—and what is this something? and what sort of existence has it? Then when we come to find that this something is *we*, and that it is only in virtue of this seeming of the universe to *us*, parts apparently of itself, that we have been all along talking of its *being*, we get into the puzzle which I have spoken of.

The studying ourselves and our sensations as far as we can on the former or phenomenalist supposition, and the pronouncing, along with this study, that all truth, or all thought of value for us, is to be deduced from this supposition alone; the making, then, *from* this supposition, assertions about things which we may soon see (whether they represent anything real or not) at least cannot be judged of from *this*—this is what I have called professed materialism.

Those valuers of phenomenalist study, who are really *philosophers*, meet the difficulty as they can. Mr. Mill gives us what I have called a thoroughly phenomenalist logic or method, *i.e.* treats of things in the first instance for science and life—with careful putting aside all mention of our conceptions of them—as if they *were*, were reality to us. The consideration of their “seeming” or being conceived by us he will not allow to disturb the science of them: at the beginning he mentions that it *is* an important consideration, and, in fact, that it gives a secondary or dependent character to all that notion of their *being* which is assumed for physical science—this is the same thing which I have meant in calling this an abstraction. In his further development of this consideration, it seems to me that at first he leans to a Kantist or Hamiltonian kind of thought. What I mean by this kind of thought may perhaps be best understood through the describing it thus:—We use the expression “phenomenal” world for the universe of things which we perceive by means of our senses; so far as the application is concerned, there is no doubt about that; and we mean the same thing by the word in *this* respect, which is the important matter.

But in regard of the *signification* of the term, or the reason *why* we call the universe before our senses “phenomenal,” there is a difference. With me the use of the term “phenomenal” may be taken to imply (though I really use the word simply on account of the common physical use of the term “phenomenon”) that I consider that the universe which we assume to *be*, *seems* as well, but not at all to imply that it *seems*, in any possible respect, or in any meaning of the term “being,” other than it is. In what I have called the Kantist or Hamiltonian manner of thought, I understand the word “phenomenal” to have more or less, besides its application, the signification of relative as opposed to absolute, of accidental as opposed to essential or necessary, and of attributal, belonging to attributes, as opposed to substantial, belonging to substance. This is the manner of thought to which I think at first Mr. Mill seems to lean.

Afterwards, his language at the least is different, and he describes the things of the universe as being really, or to the philosopher, what he calls “possibilities of sensation.” This is a recognizing of what I have expressed by saying, that when we come to take into account the “seeming,” *i.e.* the thoughtness, conceivedness, perceivedness, of things, it is *this* which presents itself as the true, comprehensive, or ultimate fact upon which what we call their *being* is dependent. But I do not like the expression “possibilities of sensation,” because it seems to me an attempt to put together notionalism and bare physicalism—I use these rough expressions for the better understanding—making an union which cannot but be incongruous, and which does not seem to me to be suggestive, or lead us onward. “A *possibility* of sensation” is an abstraction which we can make nothing of—like the old *ἐνδεχόμενα*, or other Aristotelian abstractions: on the other hand, the word *sensation*, as Mr. Mill uses it here, seems to me, though I may mistake him, to have an undue concreteness, and to mean something implying the actual physical existence

of nerves, brain, &c. If so, considering that these nerves, brains, &c. are *things* belonging to the physical universe which the phrase "possibilities of sensation" is to give us a sort of account of, the account returns upon itself and we make no step, and are still in that same bewilderment which "being" and "seeming" together, as I have said, must cause to us.

If "sensation" here means simply a kind of consciousness or feeling, without any reference to physical accompaniments of it, then, though there is no harm in calling the phenomenal or external world an aggregate of possibilities of such sensation, I can hardly see that there is much good in it. At least, to make the phrase mean much for me, I must try to translate it a little from its abstractness. I must mean by "possibility of sensation" a fact, *the* one great fact it would be of reality. There is no doubt but that the varieties of our (I do not mean here any *stress* on the *our*) consciousness are facts; and our consciousness altogether, comprehending these varieties, may be considered a greater fact: and our consciousness is what it is—one of its phases being what we call perception of an external world—in virtue, we may perceive, of some further fact, probably double: *i.e.* partly fact as to what we are, partly fact as to what something else is; we are that to which the something else seems—anyhow, in our consciousness, something else *seems* to seem to us—and this seeming of something to us is equally well described as sensation of something by us, in the *last* meaning which I assigned to Mr. Mill's "sensation." If then we are to speak of possibility of sensation (which is really, if we are to come to these Aristotelian abstractions, the *fact* of general or potential sensation implying the *possibility* of particular or actual sensation) I should describe it as a fact, implying doubleness, a something seeming (or felt) and a something to which it seems (or which feels), and implying characteredness or qualifiedness in each member of the doubleness; and it is owing to these characters that that

which seems or is felt, seems or is felt as it does seem or is felt. But this is a rudimentary or embryotic description of reality in general; and possibility of sensation, to mean anything *as a fact*, must mean that. Mr. Mill's using the term "possibility of sensation" as a description of the external world, seems to imply that after all he must mean by sensation what I will venture to call eye-work, ear-work, &c. as distinct from the feeling of perception: and if so, we have the old difficulty about the eye and ear themselves (or nerves and brain if we prefer the language); which are at once things which we must have in order to have sensation, and yet things which we cannot have till we have got sensation.

Mr. Mill is perhaps led to the describing the external world thus from the previous Kantoidic notion of the thing in itself, unknown substance, or noumenon: it is an abstractification of that. As we are looking out from ourselves, we are to understand that beyond the sensations, sensible attributes, or phenomena, there is, not indeed a something unknown, of which these are the dress, but a possibility of the occurrence of these, which possibility is the reality. My criticism just now is to the effect that the possibility of this occurrence involves something on *our* side as well as on the other, and therefore cannot serve to describe *that* in distinction from us. As I began with saying, *this* description of a something (to call it a something) behind the phenomena, does no harm, as the notion of a thing in itself does; and it may possibly do some good. The "possibility" of things seeming to us as they do, I should be more inclined myself to describe, in language which I have frequently used, as the reason for it: by this "reason" I mean some fact, whatever it is, not known to us perhaps, but not to be supposed (why should it be?) unknowable: known perhaps in fact; certainly, in part.

The fact of things "seeming," or being thought and known besides simply "being" (if indeed their being be more than a portion of their seeming) is, we

may say, looked upon in one of two different lights by those philosophers whom I have described as specially valuing physical science as the line of thought in which the most of advance and fresh knowledge is to be expected.

One of these lights is that of which Mr. Mill's view above gives us an instance, to some degree: a view in which, however I have criticised it, I to a certain extent concur. Mr. Mill has, from his logic of science, banished most carefully every supposition of its being conceptions or notions of our own that we are concerned with: it is, he says, *things*. This for the purpose of logic: but afterwards we come to philosophy, and then it appears that the *things* are after all what I will call unknown occasions (I use this expression for "possibilities," as a little less abstract) of sensation, and all the variety of them is variety of sensation: and since eye, ear, nose, are among these things or occasions, we must not mean by "sensations," sensations or affections of *them*, but sensations as feelings which *we* feel: that is, thoughts, conceptions, notions, for these are only the different names of intellectual feelings: things at last *are* conceptions or creations of the mind, and anything they may be besides, they are, so far as we can make anything of them, *through* being this.

I have said that with this view I, to a considerable extent, concur: things are supposed to *be*, in the first instance; this, their phenomenal *being*, being a supposition or abstraction for the making of which we forget for the time *our* thinking about them, or, as I have called it, *their* seeming; and we being simply adstant, what we know, when we know anything, is simply the fact which is going on in the universe. With this fact is all our business.

But then, if we are philosophers, we cannot help considering besides, that all this which we call being, we can only call so as seeming to us to be, as being thought by us *as* being; and all physical or phenomenalist being, all our *realization* or realism, is wrapped up of necessity in a vast surrounding idealism,

as some would call it: an idealist philosophy surrounds a phenomenalist science.

I will not criticise this at length now *on the whole*, because the consideration of it will at various times recur. It seems to me to be right or wrong as it is *taken*; the way of taking it *rightly* seems to me to be the consideration of our thought itself as a great fact; we think as we do (by which thinking the universe is suggested or given to us) in virtue of fact going beyond ourselves, or if we like to call it so, antecedent to ourselves—fact of which all our knowledge is an imperfect and gradual revelation to us. I think that in this way we may consider the universe as true and real as well as we: and this is what I call *rightly* taking the view mentioned above; I hope to explain it more fully. *Wrongly* taking the view consists, as I think, in making so much in the first instance of the phenomenal universe *being*, that when the independence of *this* notion is undermined by the superinduced and enwrapping idealism (or notion of seeming and thoughtness) we lose all notion of being or fact altogether, and seem to be in a world of chimaera and illusion, or at least in a world where there is no possible way to distinguish between what is such and what is not. I think a wrongly-taken idealism of this kind does sometimes go with a very pronounced phenomenalism: but of this another time.

By the second light in which the "seeming" (or being thought of and known) of things may be viewed in relation to their being, I meant this. Suppose a physical investigator assuming the being of the external or phenomenal world, not only as a fact for science and action—a fact, the existence of which as a fact is capable of being afterwards philosophised upon, interpreted, qualified—but as the one and only fact which he means to recognise, and all philosophising about which he sets down beforehand as nugatory. Suppose him to say, "From this my point of view I mean to discuss knowledge and thought on the *seeming* of

the universe and things in it to certain particular things in it: this is a fact or phenomenon of this my universe, and you will see that I can treat it as such."

In this case, what he does is to teach the phenomenon of thought or knowledge as a portion of the wider phenomenon of "life." The support of life, speaking roughly, is by means of action either spontaneous or volitional, and to volitional action there goes as an ingredient or preliminary, thought or knowledge of some kind. Knowledge is in this view a part of action for a purpose: the beginning and foundation of it.

This line of thought is as important in its way as the other, and though I have, to bring it more into relief, represented it above as taken what I should call wrongly, it need not necessarily be so. I will not dwell upon it, for I have only alluded to these two lights in which the relation of thought to being may appear (in the one of which being is more or less dependent on thought—in the other, thought is an accident or particular of being) to compare them together. But I will say one word on the difficulties of it.

The great intellectual difficulty I have spoken about, and shall not dwell on more, but it is accompanied by an equal moral difficulty.

We do not know much about the intelligence of the inferior animals, but in any case, their intelligence seems all absorbed in their action, and to go to the support of their life.

But with us, *men*, this is not so, and without going into particulars, it is clear that we think about the universe in general, and about *things* altogether, in a far wider way and view than we can at all apply to practice, or than we can at all consider (taking our analogy from other facts of the universe) to be simply a natural fact of our phenomenal life, serving us to guide our action as the animal's intelligence serves him, and as our stomach serves us to digest, or our eye to see.

This *generalness* of our intelligence

brings strongly before us the intellectual difficulty of which I have abundantly spoken: when we *think* of our thinking, not only do we find it going beyond all reasonable relation to the support of our physical being, but we find that, as *thinking*, it alters the whole universe to us: we should not talk of anything being, were it not for our thinking.

The *moral* difficulty is this. The physical philosopher who treats thought or knowledge as a part of *life*, cannot, I think, but look upon developed human thought as something abnormal, something out of relation with that physical universe of which he is determined to make it a part, something in a manner unmeaning: whether for *happiness*, we should be better without it, he might find it difficult to say; it gives us many pleasures, and gives us many pains: but I think he would have to say, strange as it may seem, that as reasonable creatures we should be better without it: we stretch our *thoughts* into infinite space and infinite time, while our *life* is all limited and confined, and from *his* point of view, surely all this must be a sort of superfluous (*περισσός*), idle, imagination or illusion. And so he will very likely do that which I have spoken of before, which some, it seems to me wrongly, do in the name of religion, and some, equally wrongly, in the name of materialism,—browbeat our thought and intelligence; say it is all that forward and intrusive faculty, imagination; that we must keep at home and on the ground, and cease generalizing and expatiating. Now, it is not at all from the point of view of sentiment or occasion of declamation that I think all this is wrong, but from the point of view of *fact*. Knowledge is a mode of thought, and is formed from imagination, and in *this* thought and imagination I see, perhaps not knowledge itself, but its germ and material: that we do think in these various ways, seems to me a fact at least as important as the existence of the phenomenal world: to say that all our thinking so is folly, seems to me simply what I have called a shutting our eyes to so much important fact.



If, then, we start with the phenomenal universe, we find thought or knowledge (thought or knowledge to us is *human* thought or knowledge) by far the most important fact in it: a fact taking such dimensions, as to force us to do one of two things: either (so to speak) to let it out of the phenomenal universe, in which case we must say, "The phenomenal universe then is *not* all, there is something besides it:" or else to expand the dimensions of the phenomenal universe till it becomes no longer phenomenal, *i.e.* simply what is in communication with our corporeal

organization: or, which is the same thing, to expand our notion of our "life," till we mean by it something no longer answering to the analogy of life as lived by plants and animals, but while including this, going far beyond it. If we expand in *this* way our notion of our life, then we *may* consider all our possible thought and knowledge subordinate to it.

It is *thus* that I mean that we may think wrongly, or think rightly, of knowledge or thought as a *part* of the universe.

## OLD SIR DOUGLAS.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

### CHAPTER XLI.

#### KENNETH MAKES SOME LITTLE ARRANGEMENTS.

With a slight inclination of his handsome insolent head, Kenneth took a chair opposite the old miller, who was seated so exactly in the same attitude and in the same spot as on the former occasion of a like unwelcome visit, that he looked like a faded picture of his former self.

Faded—and, as his wife expressed it, "doited"—with years, drink, and anxiety. She rose hastily, and in a hurried whisper, and with a slight but not unkindly shake of the old man's arm, she said,

"Mak' the best o' yeresel', Peter,—here's the Laird."

The old miller turned a stupified gaze on the new-comers. Some dim consciousness of Maggie's ill-repressed emotion seemed to strike him, for addressing her first, he murmured, "What ails ye, Meg? What ails my bonnie lassie?" Then, feebly staring for a few seconds at Kenneth's face, he slowly delivered himself of the ill-judged greeting,—

"Ye're changed for the waur. I sud scarce hae known ye."

Maggie moved round to her father's chair, and laid her large fair hand caressingly on his shoulder.

"It's gay hot in they Spanish countries, and he's a wheen daikier. But 'deed I think he's a' the bonnier," added she, looking with some motherly pride at the alien son she always called her "ain lad."

"Ye're blind or blate, Meg, no to see the change that's come ow'r him," testily interrupted the miller; "but 'ilka corbie thinks its ain bird the whitest,' and that's a true sayin'."

Kenneth was looking out towards the path beyond the open door, and answered only by a smile of evil augury and a muttered sentence about Maggie not being the only one who was "blind and blate." Presently the threshold was darkened by the entrance of the Clochnaben factor. The countenances of the women fell, and the old miller's brow lowered with a sort of helpless anger. Maggie still stood by his chair, and her gay dress, decorated bonnet, and handsome shawl (gauds which she had put on to walk with Kenneth, and defy the possible presence of Eusebia) made a

strange contrast to the dull shabbiness and smoke-dried tints of everything round her.

The factor's greeting to the inmates of the house was if possible less courteous even than Kenneth's, but obsequious almost to caricature when addressing "the Laird." He made excuse for arriving a few minutes late, on the plea that the Dowager, who was such "an awfu' woman to contravene," had insisted, before he set out, on discussing with him the possibility of establishing at Torrieburn Mills a favourite tenant of her own; a man "warm and weel to do," and willing to afford very liberal terms for his lease. Maggie opened her great blue eyes with a wide and angry gaze.

"Hoot," she said, "it 'll be time to think o' new tenants when the auld man's dead and gane. Ye've had word enough from my faither no to come to the mill at a', but send a bit o' writin' when ye've onything to say to him."

"I appointed Mr. Dure to meet me here!" exclaimed Kenneth, imperiously; "I can't have business interfered with and delayed for petty quarrels. I'm here to look over accounts and inspect possible improvements, and I must beg, my dear mother, that you and Mrs. Carmichael will withdraw, and not interrupt us."

He waved his hand, as he spoke, with a gesture of impatient command, and Mr. Dure rose and opened an inner door which led to a yet more dingy room, and then, as it were, turned Maggie into it, swelling with wrath and sorrow. There she and her mother sat down in silence; the elder woman rocking herself to and fro with an occasional moan, and the younger keeping her angry blue eyes intently fixed on the heavy paneling that shut out her ill-used father. It was not easy through its old-fashioned thickness to hear much of what took place; and indeed the colloquy was not very long, for Mr. Dure and Kenneth had met merely to arrange matters on a foregone conclusion.

At first, after the formal hearing of

accounts, &c., Carmichael's voice was heard apparently reasoning, though in a peevish and plaintive tone; but as the discussion proceeded, his words became shrill and hoarse, and at last they distinctly heard him say, "I wunna leave; I wunna stir; I'll hae it oot wi' ye, if there's law in Scotland. Yere faither set me here; an' here I'll live, and here I'll dec, in spite o' a' the factors and ne'er-do-weels in Christendom. My Meg will awa' up to Glenrossie and see what Sir Douglas 'll say to siena a proposition, and I mysel'——"

"Silence, sir!" furiously broke in the incensed Kenneth, without giving him time to finish the phrase. "Sir Douglas is not my master, nor master of Torrieburn. I am master here, as you shall find; and, if you take this insolent tone with me, you'll have to look out a new home a good deal sooner than I at first intended, or Mr. Dure proposed."

"If Sir Douglas is not yere master, ye heartless braggart," retorted the exasperated old man, "Mr. Dure's no mine; and I tell ye——"

Here Maggie violently flung open the door that separated them, and clasped her father in her arms, with sobs and kisses, and vehement ejaculations.

"Ye'll come and live at Torrieburn, daddy; ye'll come and live wi' yere ain Meg at Torrieburn."

But Kenneth—beside himself with rage at the appeal to Sir Douglas, and the term "heartless braggart" applied to himself, made it very clear the old miller should *not* "come and live with his ain Meg" at Torrieburn.

Then poor Maggie, in spite of her gay dress, and vulgar speech, and overgrown proportions of vanishing beauty, became almost sublime.

She ceased, for once, the loud yowling, in which she commonly expressed her grief; she turned very pale, which was also unusual with her; and as her father gave vent to a sort of malediction on her son, hoping that if he went on as he was doing, he might live to lose his own home, and have to sell Torrieburn to strangers, to balance his debts and extravagance, and then "might ca'

to mind this bitter day," she folded the feeble, angry old man to her bosom with a shuddering embrace, and turned with wistful energy to Kenneth.

"Noo, Kenneth," she said, "ye'll hear my words this day! Gin' ye deal sae ill and sae hardly by my fayther,—and he auld and sick, and past his best,"—(and here she gave the withered cheek a passionate kiss),—"dinna think I'll see it, and let it gang by! I've luv'd ye aye dearly, wi' a mither's true love, though ye've made but a sorry son! I've luv'd ye for yere ain sel', and I've luv'd ye for sake's sake,—for him ye're sae like—(and I wad that yere heart were as like as yere face to him. God rest him, my ain dear mon!) But so sure as ye set yere foot on my auld fayther, it'll end a', and I'll awa' frae Torrieburn wi' him, and wi' my mither, and ye'll see nae mair o' me! Ye've got set amang fine folk, Kenneth; and ye forget times when I nursed ye, and sang to ye, and made ye my treasure, and never dreaded the shame; but I'll no forget the days when I was a nurslin' wean, and sat in the sun, and made castles o' pebbles and moss oot by the Falls, and saw fayther coming ow'r the bridge wi' a smile for me and mither! It was a poorer hame than what I've had since, but there was luv in it; luv—Kenneth—luv;" and Maggie's voice once more swelled to a cry, as with the passionate apostrophe of Ruth, she added, "and sae where the auld folks gang, I'll gang, and I'll no forsake them, nor leave them, till God Himsel' parts us, as He parted me frae my only luv."

The breathless rapidity and vehemence with which these sentences were uttered would have prevented interruption, even had Kenneth attempted to interrupt, instead of standing speechless with amazement. No answering sympathy woke in his breast. Surprise—and a vague impression of his mother's picturesqueness—as the fair, full-outlined, brightly dressed, golden-haired creature stood up against the brown wainscoting and dark surrounding objects, like a passion-flower that had trailed in among

dead leaves—surprise, and an admission of her beauty,—these were the only sensations with which the scene inspired him. And when Maggie, descending from the pedestal of that greater emotion, became more like the Maggie of usual days, and, with loud weeping and clinging, besought him to "think better o't, like a gude bonny lad," he all but shook himself free, and with the words—"I believe you are all mad, and I'm sure I have troubles enough of my own to drive me into keeping your company," he left the grieving group to console each other as they best might, and, anxiously resuming calculations and explanations with the shrewd factor of the stern old Dowager, slowly returned with him to that point in their mountain path where their roads diverged, the one leading to Clochnaben and the other to Glenroassie.

## CHAPTER XLII.

### KENNETH UNHAPPY.

It was true, as Kenneth had said, that he had troubles enough of his own to drive a man mad. And it was true, as the old miller had said, that he was "changed for the waur." His beauty had not departed, for it consisted in perfection of feature and perfection of form; but it was blurred and blighted by that indescribable change which is the result of continual intemperance and dissipation. That peculiar look in the eyes,—weary and yet restless; in the mouth,—burnt and faded, even while preserving the outlines of youth; in the figure, when no degree of natural grace, nor skill in the art of dress, prevents it from seeming lumpy and shrunken,—all these things had come to Kenneth Ross, and changed him "for the waur."

And more had come to him,—the conviction that his Spanish wife no longer felt the smallest attachment for him; and the belief that, so far as her nature was capable of attachment, she was attached to some one else. Long angry watches had taught him that,

like many of her nation, intrigue and deception were a positive amusement to her, and that the next pleasure in life to being admired was to be able to outwit. A sentiment not indeed peculiar to Eusebia, but to the people of her land. It runs through all their comedies, through all their lighter literature, through all their pictures of their own social life. That combination of events which in the novels and plays of other countries is made up of the interweaving or opposition of human passions is made up among them of the pitting of skill against skill. They do indeed acknowledge one other passion, and that is love (according to their notion of love); and a very swift-winged Cupid he is. "Who has not loved, has not lived," is one of their proverbs; but love itself would be uninteresting in Spain, if he had to go through no shifts or disguises.

Kenneth had never *proved* any more reprehensible fact in Donna Eusebia's conduct than the giving to one of her adorers a seal, on which was engraved a Cupid beating a drum, with the motto "*Todos le siguen*;"—and she met his reproof on that occasion with laughing defiance. But the want of certainty did not lessen his distrust. His temper, always imperious and passionate, had become fierce. Eusebia, on the other hand, was fearless; and she was also *taquineuse*, or *taquinante*; she was fond of teasing, and rather enjoyed the irritation she roused up to a certain point. She darted sharp words at him with mocking smiles,—as the toreadors fling little arrows with lighted matches appended to them, in the bull-fights of Spain. And she met the result with equal skill and determination. You could not frighten Eusebia. The spirit of a lioness lived in that antelope form, so lithe and slender. If you had twisted all her glossy hair round your hand and raised a poignard to stab her to the heart, she would not have trembled, neither would she have implored mercy;—but she would have strangled you before you had time to strike!

Their fierce strange quarrels, that

burst like a hurricane and then passed over, were a marvel and a mystery to Gertrude, and the intervals of tenderness between those quarrels had become rare and transient in both parties. Eusebia had grown moody and careless, and Kenneth was often positively outrageous. And he was unhappy—yes, really unhappy; wrapped in self, and finding self miserable; and thinking it everybody's fault but his own.

Gertrude then had the *rôle* forced on her, so painful to all persons of keen and delicate feelings, of being appealed to,—complained to,—made umpire in those disputes of the soul, that war of mystery, when alienation exists between man and wife. Kenneth especially, who had neither reticence nor self-command, would come vehemently into her morning-room, and flinging himself down on the bright green cushions, worked with spring and summer flowers, cast his weary angry eyes round him,—not on, but across, all the lovely peaceful objects with which that room was filled,—into some vacancy of discontent that seemed to lie beyond, and give vent to the bitterest maledictions on his own folly for being caught by a fascinating face, and a few phrases of broken English spoken in a musical voice,—and declare his determination as soon as he could possibly arrange his affairs, and raise money enough to pay his debts, to settle an income on his foreign wife and never see her more.

It was on one of those occasions (little varied and often repeated), that a memorable scene took place. The soft pleading of Gertrude's serene eyes; her grave sentences on duty, and self-sacrifice, and reform of faults; the appeals to his better nature; the allusions to the long, long years before him, if he lived the common length of human life; the hopeful arguments, to him who was so resolved on hopelessness; the innocent cordial smile that irradiated her face while she strove to cheer with words: all these things had a different effect on Kenneth from that which she intended to produce. Those men in whom passion is very strong, and affection and

reason very weak, have a strange sort of bounded, external comprehension, during such attempts to argue with them. They seem not to listen, but to *see*: to contemplate their own thoughts and the countenance of the person attempting to controvert those thoughts: to receive the impression that they are contradicted; while the depth of their inner nature remains utterly unreachd and unconvinced. To attempt reasonable arguments with such natures is like digging through earth and roots, only to come at last upon a slab of stone.

Through the shallow earth and twisted morbid roots of thought in Kenneth's composition the words of Gertrude had penetrated—but no farther. While she spoke he was silent; he mused and gazed and sighed. He saw *her*—not the drift of what she was saying; and the same wild mixture of anger and preference (which such men as Kenneth call “love”) woke in his heart, and maddened him, as in the Villa Mandorlo the day he proposed, and was told she was engaged to his uncle. Eusebia became as nothing in his comparison at that moment of the two women. He felt as if he had been spell-bound by some witchcraft, and that the spell was suddenly broken. He rose from the embroidered ottoman where he had been lounging; and as Gertrude crowned all her fabric of half-heard reasoning with a gentle hesitating allusion to the steady self-denying years, and active serviceable youth of Sir Douglas, and contrasted its practical possibility with the wasted energies of a life of pleasure and extravagance such as Kenneth had led, he suddenly and wildly burst through all bounds of decent constraint, and exclaimed,—

“That is it! *That* is the curse on my life; and you know it! It is because you were taken from me by treachery and falsehood that I am what I am. I never really loved any woman but you: I loathe the coquetry and paint and affectation to which I am tied. I hate Eusebia! I cast her off: I have done with her. I love you! and you did once love me. Oh, love

me still—love me now—*love me!* or—I will shoot myself!”

With the last vehement words, and while Gertrude stood up petrified and breathless, he flung his arms round her, and clasped her to his breast in a fierce and passionate embrace.

“You are mad—Kenneth Ross!” was all Gertrude could utter, as he suddenly released her at the sound of the door opening behind them. He looked round, still panting with excitement. Sir Douglas stood there, holding the little pale girl with liquid eyes, Kenneth's only child, by the hand.

“Your little Effie has been hunting for you everywhere, Kenneth; Eusebia wishes you to accompany her to see the deer that was wounded and taken alive yesterday by the keepers. Neil is waiting for you, cap in hand, at the bottom of the great staircase.”

Except that his air was a shade more stately, and his lip less smiling than was his wont in addressing Kenneth, no one could have told that Sir Douglas's manner was different from usual, or that a pang, sharp, rapid, and instantly repressed, shot through his heart, and flushed his broad frank temples.

Kenneth did not absolutely say “D——n Eusebia!” but he set his white teeth with some such muttered ejaculation, and grasped the tiny hand of his little girl so tight when she moved towards him, that they saw the child look plaintively and wonderingly up in his face as the door closed.

Then Sir Douglas turned from looking after them, and looked towards Gertrude.

His eyes wore an expression of wistful questioning; but Gertrude remained silent and deadly pale. There was a little pause. Her eyes lifted to his, and filled with tears. “Gertrude, my Gertrude! What in God's name was Kenneth saying to you in such a frantic tone before I opened the door?”

What was Kenneth saying? How could she tell his uncle—how could she tell her husband—what Kenneth was saying! It was a relief (a partial relief) to know that Sir Douglas had not wit-

nessed the wild embrace with which the wild words had been accompanied; he was bending down his stately head, while he opened the door of the bright morning-room, to listen to the child's timid voice, and her message from her mother.

What had Kenneth been saying?

Gertrude faltered in her answer.

"Things are going badly between him and Eusebia," she said at length.

Sir Douglas paused again, and looked sorrowfully at his wife.

"You need not waste so much sympathy upon him, Gertrude. Be sure it is not altogether Eusebia's fault."

"Oh! do not think my sympathies are with Kenneth," said Gertrude, eagerly. Then, embarrassed and miserable, she ceased, and the colour came back in crimson waves to her pallid cheek.

"Sit down, Gertrude; why are you standing? What has moved you so in this matter? I was coming to speak with you about Kenneth when I met his child on the stair. It is not only with his wife that Kenneth quarrels, but with his unhappy mother—at least, so I gather from her confused explanations. He has given notice to Carmichael to quit the mills."

"Oh, Douglas!"

"The old man has no real title to remain. All that was a matter of indulgence and careless arrangement with my poor brother. But Mrs. Ross-Heaton says, if the old people may not live at Torrieburn, neither will she. She is in a dreadful state (you know how violent she is in the expression of her feelings), and she cannot be brought to comprehend that I have no power to order it otherwise."

"She could hardly think Eusebia would consent (if ever Eusebia settles at Torrieburn) to live *en famille* with Carmichael and his wife. Poor souls!"

"No. And of course Kenneth can do what he pleases, though he seems to have done it unkindly (that factor of Clochnaben's is such a hard man!). But what I was thinking was this: you know the old mill that you called the

'Far-away-house,' that stands on the boundary line of what is to be your domain when you are a widow?"—and here Sir Douglas smiled a tender smile at his young wife—tender, and rather sad, for every now and then that "gap of years" which had been spanned over for them by the airy bridge of love, haunted his heart, and "Old Sir Douglas" caught himself thinking what would be, after he was gone! While he lived—even to the last gasp of fleeting life—he would see that sweet face, and hear that gentle voice. But she was young!

Ah! blind mortal creatures, who for ever contemplate with dread the one parting God appoints (foreknown and inevitable), and think so little of all the rash partings we make for ourselves! The alienations in families; the once dear names forbidden to be sounded; the exile of fair lands; the drifting asunder by divers lots in life; the ambitions, the despairs, the misunderstandings, the necessities of our human existence;—for each parting made by death, it is not an exaggeration to say that of these other partings there are thousands—bitterer, yea, far bitterer, than death itself. But Sir Douglas thought of none of these things; only of his wife, and of the kindly present deed that he was meditating.

"That mill," he said, "though not near so good a business as the one at Torrieburn Falls, would give him a certain feeling of home and independence, and as much employment as he is fit for, in his broken state. As to the loss upon it for us, it is nothing; we will not think of that, and I will make arrangements by which it shall be included in the dowry settled upon you. You will not turn him out."

And again the tender smile shone from the noble face, and Gertrude, as she leaned her cheek against his hand, could not refrain from tears,—a brief April shower, that had its sunshine near. It relieved her. She rose once more, and kissed Sir Douglas on the forehead.

"We will go together to Torrieburn, and propose it to him," said the latter,



after a brief pause. "He is deeply wounded, and not what he used to be, and these moods require tender handling."

"Tender handling," indeed, they found it required. Even Sir Douglas's patience was well-nigh exhausted before he had convinced the obstinate old man that he had little choice as to moving, and that what was now proposed was intended as an act of kindness. When at last it was so understood, the acceptance was made with gloomy resignation, not with gratitude. "Needs must when the devil drives," was the final phrase of the Miller; while Maggie, who held passionately to her resolution of leaving with her departing parents, startled poor Gertrude with a speech somewhat enigmatical to Sir Douglas, but not to his wife, delivering herself with broken sobs, of the sentences—"Ah! ye may weel seek to mak' amends; but gin ye had married wi' my braw lad yeresel' we sud no ha' sat greetin' this day! Ye'd no ha' needed a' they gauds and jewels that Kenneth has paid sae dear for,—and ye'd ha' been quiet, maybe, at Torrieburn, as ye are noo at Glenrossie."

So that even Gertrude's merits were somehow turned to an offence in the eyes of Maggie Ross-Heaton and her "forbears."

## CHAPTER XLIII.

### MR. JAMES FRERE'S ANTECEDENTS.

OF James Frere little had ever been heard by the party at Glenrossie, except one brief missive, recommending particular books for the school, and stating that his uncle in Shropshire having died and left him a little money, he was going to New Zealand. But one morning back came the eloquent preacher, quite unexpectedly, to the intense triumph of Dowager Clochnaben, who had received with a resentment most openly expressed, the intelligence of all the suspicions that had so long rested on that injured martyr of a society. "Sift news first, and swallow it afterwards,"

was the dictum with which she favoured her son Lorimer in a letter descriptive of the welcome event, and full of taunts as to the little wisdom of those who were "book-learned," which she thanked God *she* was not.

And indeed Dowager Clochnaben was entirely of the opinion of a young officer whose wife had much talent for verse-writing, and who, when a friend remarked that she would do well to study the best authors, eagerly replied, "Oh, no, she doesn't read at all: *she says it destroys all originality of thought.*"

"Practical good sense" was what Dowager Clochnaben piqued herself upon; and like most very narrow-minded persons, she somehow held that quality to be incompatible with intellectual occupations. "Lorimer's very clever, and his writing is considered first-rate," she would say, "but I've more practical good sense in my little finger than he has in his head."

Convinced of her own practical good sense, how could she doubt the correctness of her judgment of her neighbours, or how avoid the profound conviction that they were always wrong if they were not exactly of her opinion?

She had "taken up with" Mr. James Frere; and she defended him, growled over him, and held him to be her own peculiar property. Her exultation therefore may be conceived when he drove up to the yet unbarred doors of Clochnaben Castle in a light car from the nearest post-house, while the morning mists were yet shrouding craggy peak and purple hill, and lying on the bosom of the sleeping lake. Very cold, very damp, much fatigued, but apparently in high health and spirits; and answering the grim gladness of her welcome with a flash of his brilliant eyes and a hearty shake of her extended hands, while she ordered breakfast and a fire in the large cold room, which she comfortably assured him no one had ever slept in since his departure. That might be true, he thought, for the Dowager was not given to hospitality; and as he entered the apartment the mildewy, stony, unopened smell smote on his senses in

confirmation of her words, and the long thin tartan curtain which protected the somewhat rickety and creaking old door, flew out, full of dust, in the current of air, and met him; as if it also desired to give a witch-like greeting on his return.

Little Mr. James Frere cared for mildew or moth, or the damp corners in the ceiling overhead. He warmed himself; he washed himself; he brushed his abundant black hair; he unpacked his travelling valise. He took out of it a large opossum skin, dressed and bound with crimson velvet, a small wooden box, in which lay a specimen nugget of Californian gold, a still smaller box which contained two large emeralds roughly polished but not yet faceted; a thick book containing a journal of adventures in far distant countries; and several loose stones, brown and rugged and dirty-looking, but each with a tested corner that shone like a spark of light, from which he selected three, and laid all these things aside. Then he took out a blotting-book and a large soiled parchment case, on which was ostentatiously inscribed, "Rev. James Frere: Testimonials;" then he carefully relocked the valise, laying at the top of its contents a case of pistols and a bearskin coat that seemed to have known much bad weather; after which he proceeded downstairs, and in a simple careless way presented the valuables he had collected to his hostess, with many expressions of gratitude for past shelter and protection, and many a pious text of "thanksgiving to the Lord," who had preserved him by land and sea, in perils among savages and perils of the deep, in perils by night and perils by day, and granted him to return (even though but for a season) "among those he had carried in his heart wherever he had journeyed."

Then, in the most natural way in the world, Mr. James Frere passed to his journal, his testimonials, and the "blessed fact" of a grant from Government of a tolerably large sum of money to reimburse losses and expenses he had sustained in the burning of schools he had erected in New Zealand, and other services he had

rendered, which had been duly set forth and admitted; and he displayed with pardonable pride, the letters he had received from official personages in answer to his applications.

It was a happy accident that brought Alice Ross (unexpectedly also, of course) to Clochnaben, the very same morning that Mr. James Frere had returned. She showed as much pleasurable surprise as the occasion demanded, and no more; only, as she subsided demurely into one of the stiff high-backed chairs with red leather seats, which they had all occupied the first evening James Frere was at Clochnaben, so obvious a shiver thrilled through her frame that he politely inquired whether she felt cold, and while she said her slow deliberate "No, I thank ye, Mr. Frere," the gleam between her half-closed eyes became a trembling glitter; and with something more of impulse than usual, she put forth one of those little feline hands whose small sharp claws for him were always sheathed in velvet, and murmured, "I'm quite pleased to see you looking so well after the voyage home, and all your—fatigues."

There was a little—very little hesitation at the last word, and again the trembling shiver seemed to ripple through the slight figure sitting erect in the high-backed chair. But by and by, chatting by the broad hearth as formerly, throwing in the cones and cuttings of fir plantations ("to make the peat burn merrier," as young Neil Douglas had once expressed it), Alice became quite comfortable again. She accepted with quiet alacrity the proposal that the groom should ride over to Glenrossie to say she would sleep at Clochnaben, and also to notify Mr. Frere's safe return.

But, as things in real life are said to be stranger than fiction, a series of accidental circumstances had already made the inmates of Glenrossie aware of that happy fact, and of very much more respecting that over-welcomed individual.

Lady Charlotte was on her way for her annual visit to her daughter; with little Neil as her escort, who was in all the glorious independence of his "first

half" at Eton. The train was very full, —the shooting-season having just begun,—and Neil was separated from his grandmother, and put into the next carriage,—nothing loth; it seemed to him more merry, more like travelling, alone. At the last minute a very feeble, slender, gentleman-like old man, leaning on his servant, was led to the door of the carriage in which the little lad was seated. So trembling and so infirm, that the kindly natured and impulsive boy stretched out his little sturdy arm with mute offer of assistance. The infirm gentleman seemed, however, afraid to trust himself to such support, and after an effort or two succeeded in entering and seating himself in the furthest corner by the window. The servant touched his hat respectfully, and said compassionately, "I wish you a good journey, sir. I hope if you should be took worse you'll telegraph for me. I'll come up by the night mail in no time." Then, slipping half-a-crown into the guard's hand, he said, "Really master's hardly fit to travel: will you endeavour to keep that compartment from crowding?"

Two other passengers only were in the carriage besides Neil Douglas. They got out at Carlisle. When they were gone the old gentleman seemed to get very restless; his back was turned to Neil; he kept rustling and searching in his travelling-bag for something which apparently he could not find. At first Neil took little notice; he also was occupied. One of his prize-books was "Rokeby," and he was deep in sympathy with Bertram. The rustling and searching rather annoyed him, but it ceased at last, and, having finished the scene he was reading, he gave a deep satisfied sigh, and looked up.

To his intense astonishment the old gentleman with his green shade, trembling hands, and infirm stoop of the shoulders had vanished; and in his place sat a man of about thirty-five, with dark bright, watchful eyes, which were fixed for the moment on Neil's face with keen scrutiny.

The boy's heart beat hard and quick.

"Here is a *real* robber," he thought. But he was a brave boy—as became a son of Sir Douglas; and he retained nerve and presence of mind enough to appear again absorbed in his reading, as he really had been immediately before this terrible discovery.

The stranger slowly turned away that bright fascinating gaze, as a rattlesnake might relieve his prey, and looked steadily out of the window on his own side. They were nearing a station; Neil saw him prepare to clasp and lock the bag in which he had been searching. The white beard, the green shade, the comfortable old velvet travelling night-cap, peeped out under his hand as he thrust them all in. His fingers were strong, though long and meagre, and on the back of his right hand was a great healed scar!

The train slackened—drew up to the station—stopped. Neil called out—loud, very loud—to be let out. He almost tumbled down the step in his hurry, and put his head in at the window of the next carriage.

"Oh! Mammy-Charlotte" (Lady Charlotte had created this graceful substitute for the unwelcome title of "grandmama," pleading as her excuse that it was "so much more affectionate, being called by one's own name, you know,")—"Oh! Mammy-Charlotte, let me come in here and have half your place, or even sit at your feet on the floor. There is a real robber in the next carriage! He has changed all his clothes, and is turned quite into a different man. There! there! Mammy-Charlotte—look! that is the man. Don't you remember the old, old gentleman who got in where I was? With a servant who helped him? Well, he is changed into *that*!"

Lady Charlotte gave a little subdued shriek, though she hardly knew why, and called, "Guard! guard!" in an alarmed voice. The guard was busy; every one was busy; but one of the porters civilly said he would call the guard.

"Oh! do—pray do—and you shall have sixpence; there is a gentleman

who has changed all his clothes in the carriage; pray call the guard!"

The guard came, and opening the door, asked which of the ladies had been insulted.

"Oh! dear me," said Lady Charlotte, rather shocked at the way the question was put, "nobody has insulted anybody, only a gentleman has changed all his clothes; this dear boy was in the carriage with him: such an escape!"

"He was disguised, you know," interposed Neil, endeavouring to make the matter more intelligible, and, addressing the guard; "he took off all his disguises, and turned into another man; I assure you he did!" The guard looked puzzled, and rather incredulous; the bell rang for starting; the doors were all shut in succession with a heavy bang; the whistle sounded; nobody had got out who had not paid for a ticket, and given a ticket. It was nobody's business if a gentleman had chosen to get in dressed like a pantaloon, and get out again dressed like a harlequin. The guard nodded an "all right" to Lady Charlotte, as she vehemently requested that Neil might change his seat and come to her, and the train went off as the boy jumped in. As it moved away the pathway behind and beyond the station became visible, and a man, who was slowly walking away, carrying a black travelling-bag, looked back at the train.

"There, Mammy-Charlotte! There!" eagerly exclaimed Neil; and he pointed to the receding figure.

"Heaven preserve us all in our beds," said Lady Charlotte, in a tone of intense terror; "it is that Mr. James Frere! It is indeed! It is Mr. Frere! What can he be doing? What can he have done—frightening one in this way!" And during the whole of the evening after her arrival at Glenrossie, Lady Charlotte continued in a nervous flutter, repeating over and over again the strange story, and commenting upon it, and making Neil describe "the dreadful metamorphosis" of which he had been an eye-witness.

"And to think of Mr. Frere, of all

people in the world, doing such a thing! He, who used, you know, to be so very tidy, and indeed elegant, in his suit of black, with only of an evening a narrow little lace to the end of his cravat, which I thought quite pretty, and very harmless of course, though unusual. And now to go about like Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves when they were put in the oil-jars! Not that any such thing has happened to him; I wish there could, just to punish him for startling one so; though, of course, as he was but *one*, it oughtn't to be so frightful; and I believe Neil wasn't frightened a bit, and wouldn't have been, if all the Forty had been there."

"I was very much startled," said the boy; "I don't know if I was frightened. I certainly thought he was a robber; but he wouldn't have got much by robbing *me*; and I don't suppose he would have killed me, only knocked me senseless perhaps. I'm glad it wasn't a robber!"

"But I think it is much worse," said Lady Charlotte, plaintively, pulling her ringlet, "because one knows what a robber means, and what he is at, whereas it is so—so dreadfully mysterious about Mr. Frere!"

They all agreed that it was "dreadfully mysterious;" only Alice boldly said she did not believe it was Mr. Frere at all; that Lady Charlotte had only seen him at a distance, and might be mistaken; and Sir Douglas inclined to the same opinion. Lady Charlotte, on the other hand, was confident she had made no mistake. And so matters rested, till, on the second day after that adventure of Neil's in the railway, the message was received from Alice, as already narrated, to say she would sleep at Clochnaben, and to tell of Mr. Frere's arrival.

Enjoy the pleasant evening, and the long wakeful hours of the wintry night, Alice Ross! Pile the crackling fire-twigs and the little cones that spout fire and laugh as they burn! Watch the warm light flicker over lip and brow, and seem to rest itself in those large radiant eyes. Talk of the past! and

plan for the future ! For in the dawn of the morrow there is the darkness of the thunder-cloud, and in its noon the bursting of the storm !

## CHAPTER XLIV.

### A CAREER OF SHIFTS AND CONTRIVANCES.

By some curious coincidence a letter from Lorimer Boyd, entirely on the subject of Mr. James Frere and his doings or misdoings, arrived at the Castle, just as a stranger had inquired for Sir Douglas, and requested to speak to him "on very particular business," which business also turned out to be the doings and misdoings of Dowager Cloch-naben's *protégé*.

The stranger declared himself to be a Mr. Mitchell, a detective from London, in search of a person calling himself James Frere, but who had gone by various other names, if he was the same man respecting whom Mr. Mitchell had received instructions ; and he was perfectly able to identify the said James Frere, if he could fall in with him, having known him well during a period of imprisonment which he had suffered some years since, for obtaining money under false pretences.

That the present charge was for surreptitiously obtaining the baggage and papers of a fellow-passenger, who had been left at Jamaica, as was supposed, in a dying state—not expected to survive above a few hours ; that the gentleman's disease had turned out to be an abscess on the liver, which burst, and he recovered, and was on his way to England to prosecute Mr. Frere, and obtain restitution, if possible, of the property taken, consisting chiefly of emeralds and diamonds in the rough ; gold ; and other matters, which could not so immediately have been turned into cash, as to make their seizure in the swindler's possession hopeless. Information had been received at Liverpool, and the authorities there had been on the look-out ; but no person at all answering the description given, had

been seen at any of the hotels. The matter had been put into Mitchell's hands, and he had traced every passenger that landed from the same ship, except one. That one he, at length, traced to a little public-house in the outskirts of Liverpool ; and though the personal appearance of the guest there seemed the very reverse of the man wanted, the detective was much too well accustomed to the shifts and disguises of these *chevaliers d'industrie*, to be the least discouraged on that account. He requested to be shown the room the stranger had occupied ; declaring that a valuable diamond ring had been lost or purloined during his stay. The irate landlady told him that he might "dig the floor up" if he liked ; that the room had been cleaned, and moreover occupied, since the gentleman was there ; that nothing had been found ; that her inn, "though poor, was honest," &c. &c.

Mitchell did not "dig the floor up," but he made a very minute search in drawers of tables, and out-of-the-way corners ; and though he found little, it was apparently enough, for with a sharp frown, followed by a whistle and a peculiar smile, he ceased from his labours. Mitchell found in the grate (which had not since had a fire in it), first, the outer paper of a small box which had been sealed with three seals—two of them tolerable impressions of the initials and crest of the gentleman who had been robbed, the third melted and defaced ; secondly, a twisted cord of the long grass of the country which had apparently tied up a package of that size ; then an address label, torn across, with "Jonas Field, Passenger," upon it ; the cover of an old letter, which had been used to wipe up ink spilt on the table, and being laid flat, was found to be addressed "Spencer Carew, Esq.;" and, finally, the distinct impression in an old blotting-book of a very hurried direction to "Miss Ross at Glenrossie, N. B."

Which last brought Mitchell to Scotland, and so into the presence of Sir Douglas.

It was James Frere's writing; there could be no doubt of that. Nor any doubt that the sight of it was a great shock to the master of Glenrossie; as Mitchell saw, when he placed the leaf in that soldier's hand, and observed the fingers tremble as they held it.

The astute officer looked round the handsome apartment as if he expected to see James Frere crouched under one of the tables, or emerging from the crimson curtains.

"Miss Ross one of the family, I presume?" said the detective.

"Yes," said Sir Douglas.

He spoke with such stern haughtiness that the man was rather put out, and muttered something about "the course of justice," and being there "in obedience to orders from his superiors," and other such phrases, which Sir Douglas cut short by saying, with a sort of sorrowful civility, "I am not blaming you. The person you are in search of is not here, but I have a letter on the same business from the Home Office in London. I will see you again when I have read through the papers that have been sent me, and meanwhile my servants will give you refreshments."

The Nemesis who was pursuing Frere, had willed that the invalid of Jamaica should be a personal friend of Lorimer Boyd, and that Boyd should be in London, on his way to another diplomatic appointment. Applications for assistance to the Home and Foreign Office were instantly made, and every help afforded; the loss incurred being little less than the loss of a life of savings on the part of one who imagined he was at last returning to enjoy competence and comfort in his native land. From Lorimer Boyd's letter, about "the man I always felt sure was a scoundrel and impostor," and from Mitchell the detective and his experience, Sir Douglas gleaned the history of James Frere as far as any one could trace it.

Who, or what he was, at the beginning, Mitchell could not say. He was supposed to be the natural son of some gentleman; was well educated; and when very young was discharged from

a mercantile house where he had been employed, for "extraordinary irregularity" in his accounts: on which occasion the head of the firm had severely observed, that he might "think himself fortunate in being discharged—not prosecuted." He had gone by the name of "John Delamere" in that employment: he dropped that title for one still more aristocratic, and called himself "Spencer Carew." An advertisement appearing in the papers for "a travelling tutor of agreeable manners and cheerful and indulgent disposition, to make a tour with a youth in weak health,"—he answered the advertisement as the Rev. Francis Ferney, and referred for his recommendation to "Spencer Carew, Esq." The friend employed to select a travelling companion for the youth in question, saw Mr. Carew, and received the most satisfactory and brilliant accounts of the "Rev. Francis Ferney." They travelled together, for a year and a half; and though a good deal of surprise and discontent was expressed at the enormous expenses incurred under Mr. Ferney's management, no steps were taken till the friend who had inquired into his qualifications, accidentally coming face to face with him at the country house of the youth's uncle and guardian, recognised "Spencer Carew" in "Francis Ferney." He was prosecuted and imprisoned. He then appeared on the scene as a Dissenting minister, "Mr. Forbes," and was greatly admired for his eloquence; but having seduced one of the school teachers and abandoned her, he had to give up his congregation and try a new path. He became once more a tutor, and travelled in America with his pupil; forged the pupil's name to a letter of credit, and was imprisoned. The next two years were a blank: no one could tell what had become of him; but he cast up at Santa Fé de Bogota, teaching English in the family of a Spanish merchant; was caught in the very act of robbing the strong-box of his employer; and would have been again prosecuted, but for the discovery that he had lured the merchant's daughter into a secret marriage, and



that the scandal of his prosecution would rebound on the family that had sheltered him. Was next heard of in Italy, doing duty at the English churches established on sufferance in that kingdom. Was on the point of marriage with a wealthy and enthusiastic spinster, when some one recognised him, and warned the lady that he had a Spanish wife "beyond seas." Became much distressed for money in Naples, and connected himself with the worst of characters there. Planned the escape of one of his associates condemned to the galleys for murder; succeeded in assisting his evasion with two of his companions, was pursued and, fired upon by the soldiery, dropped from the castle wall into the sea, having received a bayonet wound on the back of his hand: swam to a boat already prepared for the adventure, and escaped to Procida—was not again taken. Reappeared in England in the employment of a wine merchant; forged his employer's name to a cheque for seven hundred and fifty pounds, and disappeared. Was afterwards traced to Scotland, where it was discovered that he was preaching under the name of James Frere. Disappeared when about to be arrested there, and cast up again in Australia. Travelled with a party of Englishmen who were cut off by the bushrangers; not without suspicion of having betrayed the former, to those by whom they were robbed and murdered. Took passage for England with the gentleman who was afterwards left, in ill-health, at Jamaica; pretending then to be a medical man on his way home from San Francisco. Possessed himself of all the baggage and valuables of his infirm companion (whose life at that time appeared to hang on a thread), and arrived in England under the circumstances already explained.

It was on the occasion of his adventure in Naples with the galley-slave condemned for murder, that Giuseppe had seen him, swimming,—with his wounded hand dripping blood as he shook it fiercely at his pursuers,—followed in vain by a rowing boat full of chattering and ejaculating soldiery,—while the

light skiff that was lying off and on, suddenly spread her sails, and carried him swiftly out of reach.

Sir Douglas heard, then, and read, all these particulars respecting the impostor who had lived in such trusted intimacy with the inmates of Glenrossie: the successful rival, in religious eloquence, of poor Savile Heaton!

He ordered his horse and rode, unattended, to Clochnaben Castle: where, instantly seeking the miserable culprit, he taxed him with the facts narrated above; and in stern, brief words summoned him to admit or deny that he was the person to whom this wonderful outline of a bad, unprincipled life referred.

At first, Mr. James Frere made very light of Sir Douglas's information. He utterly denied that he even understood to whom or to what his questions referred. But on Sir Douglas saying—"Beware what you do!—the detective who has traced you is now at Glenrossie Castle;—the gentleman you have robbed, has probably by this time landed in England;—if you are indeed the person they are seeking, denial is perfectly hopeless"—his tone changed; he stood as one transfixed; he trembled from head to foot; and after a faint attempt at bravado, dropped on his knees and besought mercy!

"I have had many excuses, a hard lot to contend with," he stammered out. "You would not surely give me up to justice, Sir Douglas! For God's sake consider!—give me time—give me means of escape: I will surrender all to you—give me a chance for the future! I have been starved—hunted down—persecuted: let me fly—all is here in this very house that belonged to that man;—I never intended to appropriate it! The things were under my charge—in my cabin.

"Sir Douglas, Sir Douglas, let me escape!" continued he, with increasing vehemence, as the stern contempt visible on the soldier's brow became more and more evident. "I will repent—reform! Oh God! Consider—your sister—is my WIFE!"

Sir Douglas started, as if he had been shot. Alice crept round to him, pale as a corpse.

"Let him go, BROTHER!" was all she said; but she clung to Sir Douglas's arm, as if it were the arm of the executioner raised to strike.

The soft slender hands locked and unlocked themselves with helpless pleading, turning round his strong and strenuous wrist. The pale face slowly floated, as it were, underneath his, and looked with dreadful appeal into his eyes.

"You were right," she murmured, "that night on the hills; but I did not know it *then*—I did not feel it *then*. I have been deceived. But let him go! Oh, let him go!"

And Alice—impassive Alice—laid her white cheek on the panting heart of her proud soldier-brother and moaned, with the long low moan of a wounded animal.

"Take my horse and begone, wretched man!" at length broke forth from the

lips of Sir Douglas. And as James Frere yet endeavoured to mutter sentences of excuse and explanation, and above all to assure Sir Douglas that he would find "every fraction of property correct, including trifles he had ventured to present to his kind patroness that morning"—the kind patroness proceeded to "speed the parting guest" by the bitter words, "Don't dirty *my* name by setting it between your thieves' teeth, man! Get to one of your dog-kennels of hiding, out of the sight of honest folk. And the sooner the gallows is lifted, on which you can hang, the better for all concerned. That's my dictum!"

"Ah! whom shall we trust!" groaned Sir Douglas, as the sound of the horse's hoofs violently galloping past Clochnabben towers, smote on his ear, and his half-sister Alice sank shivering in his tender embraces. "Whom shall we trust if *that* man is a liar, a hypocrite, and an assassin!"

*To be continued.*

## OUR MEANS OF MILITARY DEFENCE.

[THIS paper differs in some of its views from those expressed in an article on the same subject which appeared in our last number. The topic, however, is of such importance, that we think it well to give circulation to different solutions of the proposed problem.—ED. M. M.]

RECENT events in Germany have directed the attention of almost every nation in Europe to its military organization and administration. In England we are so much accustomed to security from continental complications, that we have hardly been aroused to the state of our army. Yet the political horizon is heavy with clouds, and when those clouds break none can tell on whom the storm will not burst, and who will not be involved in the hurricane. A glimmering suspicion has arisen among us that our army is not what it should be; but we have not yet awakened to the fact that we have no army worthy of the name.

There is undoubtedly a British army on paper, which is supported by a considerable force of Militia and Volunteers; but thinking men clearly perceive how inadequate are our forces in their present condition even for the defence of our shores. How to render these forces efficient, in case of our unhappily being mixed up against our will in a war, is one of the great problems of the day, and is worthy of the most serious consideration. Not unnaturally so when we consider that our army and navy are the securities for the continuance of the wealth, industry, integrity, and independence of the kingdom, and that the money expended on these services is but the insurance rate paid for these inestimable blessings. Is this insurance rate adequate, properly administered, and does it yield a sufficient return? These are questions which England will

soon be called upon to answer. Of the navy it is not our purpose now to speak, except in so much as it relates to the operations of the army. No one can deny that the navy is England's first line of defence against invasion; but whether it should be the only defence, or requires an-auxiliary military force behind it, is a subject fairly open to discussion.

Since the British navy has been called upon to act in the defence of our own shores against an invasion, or a contemplated invasion, a new force has been introduced into the operations of naval warfare. The adaptation of steam to men-of-war, although it has not altered the broad principles of naval tactics, has caused important variations in their details, and has rendered necessary much greater rapidity both in offensive and defensive manœuvres. Whether steam gives greater advantages to the assailant or the defendant on the seas is a point which is still argued among competent judges. Little doubt can be entertained that in the case of an invasion of a country, or of a descent on an enemy's coast line, the attacking power has reaped advantages from the introduction of steam far greater than those which by the same means have been bestowed upon the defender.

At present it is doubtful if our fleet could cope successfully with any one great fleet in the world, and almost certain that it could not do so with those of two of the great maritime powers combined. In case then of war between our country and any other great power, or of a coalition of two or more great powers, transports for troops might be collected in many harbours; not at one point alone, as in the days of sailing vessels. The men-of-war could sail out, engage the British fleet, while the transports might leave their harbours and assemble at some appointed rendezvous, perhaps far out of sight of land, at a point fixed on the chart by its longitude and latitude. The British squadron if defeated would be driven into harbour, and the seas would be clear for the movements of the assembled

transport fleet, while a long line of coast would present numerous points at which a landing might be favourably effected. If the British squadron were victorious, it would be unable to tell where the hostile transports were, or to which point they were steering their course; while it must detach a large number of vessels to blockade the enemy's coasts and to watch his ports.

Imagine the state of anxiety and suspense then in England. A large invading force upon the seas, no one knowing where. It would be impossible even to guess at the place contemplated for effecting a landing. England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, would be equally open to danger, and would equally clamour for the presence of those troops, which it is now the time to prepare, if we would preserve our country. If such an unfortunate defeat of our naval force as that contemplated above were to take place during the next few months, or at any future time, unless these months are devoted to preparation, what would be the answer of the military authorities to the clamorous plaintiffs for military protection? The answer would only be, We have no troops to send you; every man that can be raised, will be required to defend the capital or to oppose a landing after it has once been seen where the enemy is about to set his foot: and even by the concentration of all our forces we have not men enough to guarantee the fulfilment of the duties necessary for the defence of London. Volunteers would be called in haste from the counting-house and desk. Militiamen would be hurried together from the plough and the loom, and the very few regular troops in the kingdom would be hustled in among them to form a nucleus for this miscellaneous force, which would be without organization, without field equipment, without administrative services, without commissariat, transport or hospital arrangements. It is enough to make one shudder to know how long it would take to provide all these absolutely necessary appliances for an English army about to take the field. Certainly the troops

would not be ready before the enemy was on the coast, and by that time probably the regular forces alone would be in a condition to be despatched to the point where the landing was being attempted.

Unprofessional writers of the good old British inevitable superiority school have talked much of the difficulties that an enemy must encounter in his endeavours to throw an army upon the beach of England. When analysed critically, however, these supposed difficulties unfortunately fall away one by one, and ultimately vanish altogether. Whatever the Volunteer Engineers may say of the power they possess of transporting chimerical numbers of troops to any point of the coast, experience proves that moving an army on paper, and its actual transport for purposes of war, are two widely different things. If any one will take the trouble to estimate the lengths of trains which would be required to transport the number of soldiers, horses, and guns gravely laid down as practicable by the Volunteer Engineer, he will be only less astonished than in calculating the time it would require for these men and horses to enter continuously and uninterruptedly into railway carriages. Practical experience in the late German war has proved that fifteen thousand men per day is the largest number that, with necessary *matériel*, can under the greatest pressure be moved on a single line of rails. To move thirty thousand in one day by an English railway would perhaps not be entirely impossible, but certainly improbable.

When the invading squadron appeared off the coast, its arrival would no doubt be telegraphed to the headquarters of the army: but as in all probability it would approach the land at night, so as to commence the disembarkation at daybreak, very few hours would be given for the departure of troops to the threatened spot. These troops would be sent, of course, as far as possible by railway, but at the end of their journey would still, perhaps, and in all probability, be at a distance

of a day's march from the enemy's landing-place; for a foeman would not be so chivalrous as to select a point where troops could easily be collected, and even might be rude enough to push out a few squadrons of cavalry to break all the railways, viaducts, or bridges on the lines leading towards him. If we have 25,000 men ready to act on the third morning after he had commenced his disembarkation, we might consider ourselves very lucky. But in that time he would have landed a larger force, an action would be fought under most unfavourable circumstances, both moral and physical; and it is almost to be feared that the result would be entirely disastrous for the defendants.

Then the enemy would push on his preparations and land his whole force. If more troops were sent against him they would be destroyed in detail as they arrived, while, if they were held together at some point to cover London, the invader would calmly either cover the landing-place until the arrival of all his reinforcements, or would start upon his advance, incommoded with no stores except his ammunition, for the country is too rich to be devastated. The British forces drawn hurriedly together, unknown by, and uncertain of their officers, of their comrades, and conscious only of a miserable deficiency in every detail of organization, might shed their blood valiantly in a battle in front of London, but could hardly hope to do more than save their honour. London might fall. The remainder of the British troops might retire to the north or to Wales, or in any other direction, but their *role* would have been accomplished. With an enemy once in London, the soldier must sheathe his sword. No money, no supplies could be obtained for the army. The arsenal of Woolwich, with all its stores of munition, would be in hostile hands. The commercial vitality of the country, which pulsates from that busy heart along every railway line of the kingdom, would be paralysed; trade would be annihilated, credit destroyed, when foreign troops mounted guard at the Bank or

Mansion House. The necessities of soldiers, and the agonies of merchants, would alike call the diplomatist upon the scene, to sign away England's honour in a humiliating peace, and to pay for our present neglect with a war contribution of gigantic dimensions. If Frankfort was ground down by her victors, what would not London be? Why should we be thus dependent for our daily bread on the chances of a naval engagement, or a gale in the Channel? The answer is plain and simple. We have no regular army, worthy of the name, and no organization of its auxiliary forces.

With a properly organized army, not only would an invasion of England be almost impossible, but we should have the means of taking such a speedy and terrible vengeance on an assailant, that it would need a long time ere he would be inclined to risk another trial of strength. At present, if by any chance we succeeded, miraculously it would be, in frustrating the designs of an invader, and in preventing his occupation of London, we are incapable of making any counter-attack, and should have to wait quietly until he had re-organized his forces, perhaps sought for new alliances, and was ready to attack us again. This might be repeated as often as he pleased, or until, exasperated at last by misery, loss, and havoc, we roused ourselves to set about forming an army, and determined to carry the war into our enemy's country with the intention of threatening his capital with some of those dangers with which he had so freely menaced ours. But the task of organizing an army requires time; what few regular troops we had at the beginning of the war, would have been consumed by disease, fatigue, and watching. Everything would have to be done *de novo*, and in a space of about two years we might have an army of sufficient dimensions to embark for active service on the Continent. This must be the real course for the defence of our capital, to carry the war home to an assailant. The real secret of defence is the counter-attack; and the sooner

that counter-attack can be delivered, the sooner the danger of invasion is past. The place to defend London is not on the cliffs of England, but on the plains of the Continent; the time, not after an invader's success or failure, but before his endeavour, which probably would never be thought of, if it were known that we were ready to anticipate it. The measures required to insure the success of such a counter-attack, are preparation of means, and rapidity of action. For the former England has no adequate provision; without it the latter would be useless.

The means which should be prepared, without delay, as a first step towards an efficient protection, are troops in sufficient number, properly organized, equipped, and administered. The number of troops required will depend upon the special service, but it may be safely assumed that no European power can hope to carry on a future war with less than 220,000 men in the first line, supported by 28,000 cavalry, and 660 guns, with strong reserves in the second line.

In order to get troops, the first consideration is to get men. At present the whole of the regular infantry of the line at home, available for active service, consists of forty-nine battalions. These, with their present small establishments, which have been cut down almost annually, so as to permit the Chancellor of the Exchequer to present a budget pleasing to the House of Commons, would not muster 35,000 men,—a sorry pittance for a country that has still some vague ideas that it might enter upon a campaign; and yet all we could send into the field, even under the pressure of the most dire necessity. This petty army, tiny as it would be, is also without any organized transport or commissariat. No one knows to what department a general would look for his supplies in the field, or what *Deus ex machinâ* would appear to enable him to transport those supplies to his fighting men. In case of an army being required it is to be seriously feared that the combatants would have to take the field, even after our experience of the Crimea, and after all our committees and

commissions, in rather worse condition than our army which landed at Eupatoria. Why is this? Why is our army a perpetual object of reprobation at home, a butt for badinage and a laughing-stock abroad? The answer is easy, though far from complimentary. We are totally unprepared. With the impenetrable blindness of those who refuse to see, we decline to realize the fact that while we have not only been standing still, but retrograding, other nations have been pushing forward in military science with gigantic strides. We had the misfortune, whether deservedly or not, to be, if not the authors, at least the partners, in a great military success at Waterloo, and on its reputation we have lived for half a century. We vividly recall the success, but we have forgotten the years of trial and trouble which we passed through in our preparations for it. It is now, however, time to awake from our pleasing day-dream, and to nerve ourselves energetically for action. There is no time to muse any longer, for the political horizon of the whole world is clouded, and none know where or when the storm will burst. Of all nations, England, with her many colonies and dependencies, is most likely to be drawn ultimately, however much against her will, into the general *mêlée*, and must be prepared to hold her own, not against a single nation, but probably against an aggregation of powers. Much has been said, in Parliament and by the press, of the lavish expenditure of our military administration, and of the slight results obtained from it. It must be remembered, however, that the army of England occupies an anomalous position in comparison with that of any continental nation. All European countries, except our own, submit in some form or other to conscription as a means for recruiting their armies. Englishmen object to conscription. They must therefore be content to pay for the Volunteers, who are willing to perform voluntarily the military duty, and thereby to exempt from military service the greater proportion of the people. In foreign countries the expense of the army shown in the

budget is small as compared with our own. But the real expense is perhaps greater; for who can calculate what a year's conscription costs; or how much the men forced into the service might have increased the national wealth by following peaceful occupations, or have added to the national capital in the diligent pursuit of their special avocations?

Much has been said of the careless manner in which our military authorities squander the public money; but with the exception of maintaining, for the sake of political patronage, a staff of civilian clerks in the department of the Secretary of State for War, whose places could be filled at a much less cost, and whose duties could be performed far more efficiently by non-commissioned officers, in the main the expenditure of the War Office is far from lavish or profuse. With regard to the fighting or working man, the authorities of this august establishment are penurious to a degree, and sometimes even border upon injustice. Any economy effected in our military expenditure will never supply funds enough to maintain anything like even a decent proportion of the troops necessary for the purposes of the country. The only way to get sufficient soldiers is to consent cheerfully to make the profession more desirable, a reform which, in whatever form it reach the soldier, will inevitably cost the country money.

The troops which might be called out in England in case of necessity consist of the regular forces, the Militia, the enrolled pensioners, and the Volunteers. The three latter are by their present organization unable to be sent abroad, nor is it desirable that the Pensioners and Volunteers should be. They are essentially troops for home defence and garrison duty. By a proper arrangement, however, such as an increase of pay to militiamen who would be willing to undertake the liability of being draughted into the ranks of the regular army in case of war, this force might be rendered an efficient army of reserve. It would of course be unfair to militia officers that their regiments should be



deprived of all their best men at the beginning of a war, because the Militia would still be required to do garrison duty at home. Every militiaman who volunteered to do duty in the Militia during peace, but to be liable to join the regular army in case of war, should be considered as supernumerary to his regiment, and the commanding officer should be permitted to fill up his place in the ranks with a recruit.

As to the battalions into which these men should be draughted, to go on active service, it would be a most short-sighted policy to trust to raise them on the outbreak of a war. Their *cadres* must be maintained in time of peace, not in full strength, but as a nucleus round which the men from the reserve could quickly form. Accepting our former assumption, that an army to leave England with the prospect of a successful campaign, must muster 220,000 men, these would be divided into 184 battalions, of an average strength of 1,200 combatants each. At present, at home, we have, or rather this year should have, only 49 battalions of the line, and 7 of the Guards, which muster about 39,000 men, who would be considerably diminished by the surgical inspection made before taking the field. The *cadres* of the 128 battalions which form the difference between these two figures should be formed at once. Each should consist of 500 men, so that the whole infantry in time of peace should consist of 92,000 men. This would require an immediate increase to the regular army of 53,000 soldiers: large figures, but the truth must be looked in the face. To fill this army up to war strength, a reserve force would be required of 128,000 men. At present the Militia, which should be, if possible, maintained at its present reduced footing, numbers 96,000, so that it would have to be increased by 128,000 men to allow it to furnish an army of reserve. These numbers are large, but necessary. The increase will not cost so much as at first sight might appear. In the first place no militia regiment would require any additional officers, except perhaps

one officer from half-pay of the regular army attached to it to superintend especially the reserve men with the regiment. The establishment of officers of the regular army might be reduced. A company of 200 men is by no means too much for the charge of a captain, and six companies instead of the present preposterous number would be quite enough for each battalion. These officers would all be skilled, ready, and accustomed to their duties, so that in a few days after calling up the men of the reserve, who would have been trained by their militia regiments, the battalions would be ready to take the field, or embark for foreign service. The men of the reserve required to fill up the batteries of artillery attached to the army, would have to be provided in a similar manner. The cavalry would require more management. A cavalry soldier requires a long preparation, and soon forgets his duty if not perpetually exercised. It would be necessary to increase the regiments of cavalry at present in the service at home by many men, to form larger squadrons, and perhaps to raise a few additional regiments.

It is all very well to put these numbers on paper, and say this is required or that is required. Some one will ask, Where are all these men to come from, when we cannot now find recruits sufficient to fill up the vacancies in our present Lilliputian army? There is one means, and that is money. The military authorities will find the men if the country will find the money. How that money should be spent, and in what form it should be offered as an inducement to the soldier to enlist, would be for a commission to decide. We ourselves are inclined to think that pension is what induces men more than anything else to re-engage in the army, and that a high rate of pensions would find plenty of men, both for the regular service and for the Militia of reserve. The report of the Commission on Recruiting, as it has lately appeared in the public prints, is quite inadequate to fulfil its object, and appears to have been dictated much more by the political

economy of a Chancellor of the Exchequer, than by a courageous determination to grapple with the necessities of the service.

It is an odious task to be obliged to tell people to put their hands in their pockets, and one which no minister and no government would willingly take up, especially if they were not assured of being met half-way by the country.

But when necessity and danger are staring us in the face, it would be the height of insincerity and hypocrisy to lull England into a false sense of security. With two officers of great ability, both as soldiers and politicians, at the War Office, we hope this year to see some powerful scheme brought forward for the increase of soldiers, the units of our lately much-neglected army.

### GHOSTS.

DREAD you their haunting, oh man of the world-wise brow?  
 These ghosts, would you banish them all away from our earth?  
 Alas! when I was haunted, the loveless dearth  
 Never came over my soul that is over it now.

Oh for the beautiful spirits that haunted me  
 In the long sweet hours of the pallid winter nights,  
 With the noiseless garb, and the tremulous angel-lights,  
 Lighting my soul, as the sunlight the desolate sea!

What have I done that your cherished presence is gone  
 Away from my lonely hearthstone, and loveless home?  
 Vainly I stretch out imploring arms—ah! come  
 As ye used to come, for now I am all alone.

Little one, with the violet eyes, how softly you pass  
 Pure and loving before me, as in old days,  
 When the tender light of your beautiful joysome face  
 Was as sweet as the presence of spring to the snow-covered grass!

Statelier one, with the passionate ruddy gold  
 Crowning the beautiful head that is grand and proud,  
 Make the silence to be your garment, and not your shroud,  
 Oh luminous eyes! that were never quiet or cold.

You with the thoughtful eyes, oh bend them on mine,  
 Kiss away the furrows of pain from my face—  
 Stay here, spirit, oh stay in this lonely place,  
 Presence that thrills like a flood of song divine!

You three used to come long ago, and smile  
 Down with a measureless smile, that through and through  
 My soul sank, as to a rose's heart sinks dew:—  
 Why have you left me here so lonely, while

The working world is strong to keep me low?

Ledgers and day-books are dull in my aching sight.

Come once more, sweet spirits, I need your white  
Garments to sweep away earth-dust from me now.

Ah, I know that you are not three, but one,  
Childhood, and maidenhood, and womanhood,  
Each with its own most exquisite grace, that should  
Fill the heart with delight in itself alone.

So unlike, that you seem not one, but three;  
Were you mine own? I scarcely can tell, but this  
I know, that when you ceased haunting, my only bliss,  
My one delight, was taken away from me.

Were you not ever a spirit? you could not have been  
A mortal who bore the mortal title of wife;  
Yet this do I know, that I bear a changed life,  
And in the churchyard one grave, that seems mine, is green.

And my spirit pants and breaks that the light may be shed  
From your shining garb and your heavenfull eyes on me;  
Then shall my bark be launched on the crystal sea,  
Then shall I live, though men shall call me dead.

EMILY H. HICKEY.

## ON A TRANSLATION OF VIRGIL'S ÆNEID.<sup>1</sup>

BY FRANCIS T. PALGRAVE, LATE FELLOW OF EXETER COLLEGE, OXFORD.

### PART II.

IN the first part of this paper we dwelt on the preliminary details which have to be settled by every translator from the ancient poets, at a length which may, I fear, have appeared tedious or disproportionate to some of my readers. Yet these details seem to me justifiable, not only because without entering upon them it is impossible to judge a new translation rightly, or give it more than vague or partial criticism, but because of what I venture to call the intrinsic importance of the subject. Even in these latter days, Poetry, though she may not cover the field of literature so

widely as in certain other centuries, remains nearly as much as ever the vehicle by which the strongest and subtlest thoughts are given to the world; the deepest currents of the day run still through these channels; more than any other method of expression, one touch of true poetry "makes the whole world kin." And it is to the English poet that this privilege especially belongs. These words carry with them no idle vaunt, no thrill of prideful pleasure. Those who have the least sympathy with that ignorant spirit which makes each great nation in turn hold itself the salt of the world, and pride of the whole earth; who think our own national boast of the vast diffusion of our power a very childish vanity, and care nothing whether the sun never sets upon the empire, or sets upon it

<sup>1</sup> The Æneid of Virgil, translated into English verse, by John Conington, M.A., Corpus Professor of Latin in the University of Oxford. 1866.

when he leaves this one little island, if so be that England is safe and sound at heart,—those who feel thus can recognize still, with an intensity proportionate to the greatness of the interests and of the responsibilities involved, that within a single century, should no convulsion of unprecedented strangeness occur, our language will equal that spoken or understood by any other civilized race; within two centuries,—within an interval no longer than that which separates Dryden from Mr. Conington,—will practically be the language of the world. Even what I am trying to express here will have readers in America, and India, and Australia. How new a thing is this in literature! What an obligation it lays upon us! One sometimes sees them as one writes, those faces that one never will see. . . . I have alluded to this imperial destiny of our language before; I return to it because of its overwhelming importance in regard to literature. Will the twentieth century find the writers of English, here or across the seas, equal to the duties of a cosmopolitan influence? Will the world be a gainer, when English books have the currency which French have now? Shall we have risen to the level of the occasion?—Questions more easily put, than answered!

Perhaps these may seem considerations too large for a subject such as ours—how three or four poems written centuries ago should be translated, and whether we can imitate in English the metre of those “antique songs” successfully. Yet I think we can show reasons for the importance claimed for it. The immense audience accessible even now to an English writer gives a certain weight to any attempt by competent hands to render the eternal masterpieces of Greece and Rome household words in the modern world; it lends a certain gravity also to any considerable change advocated in the form of our literature, and this especially if the change touches that portion of it which is so powerful and lasting in its influences as Poetry. The Spirit in all the arts, though no doubt their vital element, is intimately

bound up with the Letter; the combination of these elements is “chemical,” not “mechanical;” the way in which men express themselves through words or orchestras, paint or marble, has no trivial or separable share in the effect that they produce. The vehicle used bears the same relation to art which method bears to science. And if rewards and honours are now held due to those who enlarge the limits of material knowledge, or improve the appliances of practical life, they are in no way less due to the corresponding movements in the pursuits whose noble aim it is to widen and refine the mind of man, or increase the sphere of his highest and purest pleasure. No one questions the services of those who lay the line through which Capel Court may most readily exchange messages with Wall Street. It seems an attempt (not less important even if the one before us be inadmissible), which would provide a new channel by which men's best thoughts can be carried between England and America. But we are here on the brink of one of the most difficult questions of the day, and one imperatively requiring an answer,—the comparative value of the different branches of human knowledge and activity: it will be best to return to the more modest subject of this paper.

Having shown, by a survey of the other possible or impossible English metres, that none of them at present singly furnishes the requisites for a translation of Virgil, we have now to see how far Mr. Conington's success justifies his recourse to that which bears the great name of Scott. It was argued by Mr. Arnold, in his “Lectures,” that this metre is deficient in dignity and weight; that it is rapid, but not with a Homeric rapidity; that it cannot render the “noble style,” which he avoids defining, but seems to identify, more or less, with the style of the “*Iliad*,” “*Æneid*,” “*Divina Commedia*,” and “*Paradise Lost*.” Mr. Arnold shows himself sensible how vague this characterization is; it is conceived in fact too much after the fashion of the grace-

ful, though often inaccurate and unsubstantial school of criticism prevalent in France. Let us hope that he will one day return to the point and work it out (no one could do it better) more clearly, at least to the ordinary reader's comprehension; his examples seeming to me, if he will not think me fastidious for saying so, rather specimens of magnificent simplicity (Homer), or sublimity (Milton), or Roman stateliness (Virgil), than passages identified in manner by the "noble style," if we are to suppose that quality different from simplicity or sublimity. Meanwhile, what we learn is that this manner is frequently perceptible in the poems named, whilst Mr. Arnold does not find it in Scott; and that, being the highest poetical quality, a translation which fails to render it fails so far in its most critical function.

Granting the place assigned to nobility of style, it appears to me a narrow, an ultralogical argument which would at once pass to the conclusion that failure to render this is fatal *in limine* to a translation. One cannot measure the qualities of poetry, as if they were so many material elements under chemical analysis, and pronounce that should the compound show little or no trace of one, it is not to be called poetry. Other qualities may take its place, and be present in sufficient amount to excuse the one absent. Thus it may be with the metre before us. Virgil has great and artfully managed variety in his rhythm, but so have Scott's best passages. Virgil is eminently felicitous in choice and arrangement of words; but so can an octosyllabic rhymed metre be, as "In Memoriam," and Wordsworth's best lyrics prove. Virgil is also eminent in grace; "to be graceful," Mr. Conington observes, "is one of the first duties of a translator of the *Æneid*;" and Scott is also often very graceful. But Virgil, though in a manner which verges upon the stately, when compared with the exquisite naturalness of Homer, is also eminently noble. How far, then, can Mr. Conington's metre succeed here? Has it, indeed, an "inherent incapacity

of rising into the grand style?" "It is not without dignity," the translator says; and he seems to hope that by sedulously eschewing the "ballad-slang," by avoiding the too lightly-tripping movement which occurs often in Scott, and following him in his graver and more finished specimens of rhythm, he has given a greater nobleness to the metre. Mr. Conington has especially aimed at this when rendering those sonorous single lines with which Virgil constantly ends a speech or a paragraph, which have entered deeply into the European mind, and seem to bear with them the whole weight of Roman dignity. Let us read one or two specimens of his book; and we will then ask ourselves how far it has succeeded on the critical point just noticed, and how far it possesses the other requisites of an efficient translation.

I take Virgil first in one of the most highly-wrought passages from his description of the lower world.

"Æneas, night approaches near :  
While we lament, the hours career.  
Here, at the spot where now we stand,  
The road divides on either hand ;  
The right, which skirts the walls of Dis,  
Conducts us to the fields of bliss :  
The left gives sinners up to pain,  
And leads to Tartarus' guilty reign."  
"Dread seer," Deiphobus replies,  
"Forgive, nor let thine anger rise.  
The shadowy circle I complete,  
And seek again my gloomy seat.  
Pass on, proud boast of Ilium's line,  
And find a happier fate than mine."  
Thus he ; and as the words he said  
He turned, and in an instant fled.

Sudden Æneas turns his eyes,  
When 'neath the left-hand cliff he spies  
The bastions of a broad stronghold,  
Engirt with walls of triple fold :  
Fierce Phlegethon surrounds the same,  
Foaming aloft with torrent flame,  
And whirls his roaring rocks :  
In front a portal stands displayed,  
On adamantine columns stayed :  
Nor mortal nor immortal foe  
Those massy gates could overthrow  
With battle's direst shocks.  
An iron tower of equal might  
In air uprises steep :  
Tisiphone, in red robes dight,  
Sits on the threshold day and night  
With eyes that know not sleep.  
Hark ! from within there issue groans,  
The cracking of the thong,

The clank of iron o'er the stones  
 Dragged heavily along.  
 Æneas halted, and drank in  
 With startled ear the fiendish din :  
 "What forms of crime are these ?" he cries,  
 "What shapes of penal woe ?  
 What piteous wails assault the skies ?  
 O maid ! I would fain know."  
 "Brave chief of Troy," returned the seer,  
 "No soul from guilt's pollution clear  
 May yon foul threshold tread :  
 But me when royal Hecat made  
 Controller of the Avernian shade,  
 The realms of torture she displayed,  
 And through their horrors led.  
 Stern monarch of these dark domains,  
 The Gnosian Rhadamanthus reigns :  
 He hears and judges each deceit,  
 And makes the soul those crimes declare  
 Which, glorying in the empty cheat,  
 It veiled from sight in upper air."

The next is the famous quasi-Platonic exposition of the nature and destiny of the human soul.

"Know first, the heaven, the earth, the  
 main,  
 The moon's pale orb, the starry train,  
 Are nourished by a soul,  
 A bright intelligence, which darts  
 Its influence through the several parts  
 And animates the whole.  
 Thence souls of men and cattle spring,  
 And the gay people of the wing,  
 And those strange shapes that ocean hides  
 Beneath the smoothness of his tides.  
 A fiery strength inspires their lives,  
 An essence that from heaven derives,  
 Though clogged in part by limbs of clay,  
 And the dull 'vesture of decay.'  
 Hence wild desires and grovelling fears,  
 And human laughter, human tears :  
 Immured in dungeon-seeming night,  
 They look abroad, yet see no light.  
 Nay, when at last the life has fled,  
 And left the body cold and dead,  
 E'en then there passes not away  
 The painful heritage of clay ;  
 Full many a long-contracted stain  
 Perform must linger deep in grain.  
 So penal sufferings they endure  
 For ancient crime, to make them pure :  
 Some hang aloft in open view  
 For winds to pierce them through and  
 through,  
 While others purge their guilt deep-dyed  
 In burning fire or whelming tide.  
 Each for himself, we all sustain  
 The durance of our ghostly pain ;  
 Then to Elysium we repair,  
 The few, and breathe this blissful air :  
 Till, many a length of ages past,  
 The inherent taint is cleansed at last,  
 And nought remains but ether bright,  
 The quintessence of heavenly light.

All these, when centuries ten times told  
 The wheel of destiny have rolled,  
 The voice divine from far and wide  
 Calls up, to Lethe's river-side,  
 That earthward they may pass once more  
 Remembering not the things before,  
 And with a blind propension yearn  
 To fleshly bodies to return."

It is easy to point out in general words the admirable features of this version. I think it will strike all readers as eminently readable ; it will equally strike those familiar with the original as eminently faithful. To shorten my task, I shall not quote from the Latin here ; and, besides, it is not so much on any specimens which might be selected (a mode of criticizing translations open to much rejoinder and verbal question), as on the impression left by reading a book through in the Latin and the English, that I would rely for the proof of my assertion. It is only after studying it thus that we can appreciate the singular closeness with which the original has been rendered : one constantly asks oneself, "Is it all really there ?" to find that it is so ; one discovers how much more minutely varied and modern Virgil was than those who trust only to school recollections or to Dryden would believe him. It is true that here and there we trace slight lapses into modernism ; the *fiendish din* above is an example ; whilst the exigencies of rhyme, although met with great felicity, have occasionally led to an expletive which recalls "Marmion." But it is to be remembered, whilst we note these weaker places, that Virgil's own contemporaries must have been conscious of words which were called for rather by the metre than the meaning, and that, *amantissimus vetustatis* as he was, even we can perceive certain phrases of a too Augustan turn for the general cast of the "*Æneid*."

These, however, are general remarks, which might apply to any accurate translation. Let us turn rather to the special qualities required for rendering Virgil, and ask how far Mr. Conington has succeeded. Of such qualities three or four may be selected, not because there are no more, but because these, it



will probably be conceded, are the most important. I put them thus, in an order conformable to the degree in which Mr. Conington appears to have reproduced them: Felicity in expression; dignity of style; grace; narrative spirit.

*Felicity in expression*, common to all great poets, is especially marked in those who, like Virgil, live during an age of conscious cultivation, when the power of words has been studied as a distinct art. This art may, of course, fill too large a space in the poet's work, and render words more preponderant than ideas,—as the poetry which has too little of it (Hesiod and Scott, at two widely different stages of civilization, may be named as examples), is apt to lapse into the air of versified prose. But, when the balance has been duly kept, it is in his felicity of expression that we most clearly find the individuality of any great poet. The Florentine mosaic workers have an excellent word by which they express the quality we are here speaking of, as it enters into their craft. What they dwell upon, as the technical merit of a mosaic, is the nice fitting of the stones, the *commettitura*, as they call it. This is exactly analogous to what we find in the poets. All of them have a certain happiness of phrase, a *commettitura* of their own, which is indescribable, except by saying that we always recognize the man in it:—

The summer's flower is to the summer sweet :  
Fled over Adria to the Hesperian fields :  
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day :  
Upon the silver waves of thy sweet singing :  
God being with thee when we know it not :  
O Death in Life, the days that are no more.

Each of these lines, although by taking a single metre I have much limited the range of poetical expression, appears to me to be coloured by the poet's individuality; one should be able (if I do not press the idea too far) to assign every one to its own and only possible writer without the help of memory. The ancients, whose study of style was more systematic and finer than ours, are similarly or even more distinctly trace-

able in their diction; the *commettitura* of Lucretius, Catullus, and Virgil differs not less than their gifts of imagination, and choice of subject. This is, however, obviously the least translatable element in a poet: it is so nearly bound up in his individuality, that the least change effaces it. The Shelleyism of Shelley would evaporate if he were transposed into the language of Byron; it would vanish if he were rendered even in so cognate and so rich a language as the German. Much less can we expect that the peculiar aroma of a Sophocles or a Virgil should survive transference into a medium so remote from ancient feeling, so different and so inferior in structure and expressional power, as our poorly-inflected English. Mr. Conington has hence done wisely in not even trying to follow his original here. "The characteristic art of Virgil's language," I must own, is a thing which I have "made no attempt to represent." He modestly suggests that it might be effected by "another Virgil;" but, if our above reasoning be correct, this element, in any great original, is entirely beyond the reach of any translator, however gifted.

Not so, perhaps, with the next quality on the list, *dignity of style*. Unless the little blank verse fragment from Homer by Mr. Tennyson be an exception, I can indeed recall no English translation which has attained it; not Coleridge in his "Wallenstein," not even Shelley in his Homeric hymns, or his otherwise splendid version of the opening chorus in Goethe's "Faust." "It is impossible," adds Shelley, in a note to the stanzas in question, "it is impossible to represent in another language the melody of the versification; even the volatile delicacy and strength of the ideas escape in the crucible of translation, and the reader is surprised to find a *caput mortuum*." I quote these words because, whilst fully agreeing with Mr. Arnold in the place which he assigns to nobleness of style as a poetical quality, I think he has hardly measured the extreme difficulty of the

task which he lays upon the translator, when he says, "Homer and Virgil are noble, and so must you be." Undoubtedly he has the abstract right to call for it; undoubtedly no version will be what it should be that fails here; yet, if we are to look at translation as a practical thing, these demands must be qualified by remembering that the failure is shared by more distinguished poets, working under more healthy conditions. Having, however, made these concessions, it must be also allowed that Mr. Conington's management of his metre (supposing him otherwise capable of rising to adequate height of style), has proved a grave impediment in this

<sup>1</sup> The poetical worth of our ballad literature (as the style which has the most obvious spontaneity and artlessness about it), has been overrated within this century, which exhibits a rapidly increasing tendency to those modes of thought which require least labour, whether from reader or writer, or lie nearest to the domain of the physical. In education, this tendency shows itself by demanding physical studies in place of those which bear upon the mind and its products, and, through the mouth of a very distinguished statesman, at once gives to civil engineering the palm among the sciences, and deprecates a grammar which substitutes the rules of language for the rule of thumb. In religion, it has generated the school of the "muscular" and the school of the "real presence": nor can a clearer or neater example of this lapse from the spiritual to the material be found, than in that much-discussed emendation by which Mr. Keble's own *in the heart*, not *in the hands* has been exchanged for *in the heart*, as in *the hands*, by editors who seem to profess themselves unconscious of any essential difference between *yea* and *nay*. Even in physical science we may venture, with Sir J. Herschel, to trace a tinge of the same colour in the doctrine of the correlation of forces, (at least under one aspect,) or in the phraseology which substitutes "nervous currents" for the will and the intellect; in Comte's abnegation of inquiry into ultimate causes, not less than in the altar which Mr. Mansel has lately consecrated again at Oxford, as in another Athens, *Ἀγνὸς Θεός*. Nor, within the sphere of politics, is it any mere accidental bond of circumstance which has united in one purpose the followers of Mr. Carlyle, the believers in "Spiritualism," and the eulogists of the late Governor of Jamaica.

In art, to return to our subject, this tendency sacrifices refinement to boisterousness, (which is popularly and not unphilosophically designated as "sensationalism,") and Mr. Arnold has hence done good service in expos-

respect. Mr. Arnold, who loves a good unbroken level of generalization upon which to build his argument, and, like the French, for the convenience of the argument is occasionally disposed to overlook or to level away the facts, has perhaps overstated the case when pronouncing, *ex cathedra*, that Scott, as a poet, was incapable of rising to the "noble style;" that he has overstated it in regard to his metre, I hold to be proved by Shelley's "Euganean Hills," and Tennyson's "Wellington," both poems written, or mainly written, in short, irregular rhyme—Scott's metre, only treated without reference to the ballad,<sup>1</sup> and managed with higher skill.

ing the absurdity of those who treat Homer as essentially a ballad-writer. Yet, his assertion that the ballad style has an "inherent incapacity of rising into the grand style" appears to me too sweeping, too exclusively founded, perhaps, upon a certain class of ballads. Even in the simpler form of these we have Burns with his—

The trumpets sound, the banners fly,  
The glittering spears are rankèd ready;  
The shouts o' war are heard afar,  
The battle closes thick and bloody:

A stanza surely not less unmistakeably "noble" than that grand passage from the "Iliad" which Mr. Arnold has rendered into excellent prose (p. 60): and what is to distinguish Cowper's "Royal George" from the ballad, or to exclude it from nobility of the rarest kind, (that in which simple pathos is united with simple sublimity,) I cannot comprehend.

Toll for the brave!  
Brave Kempenfelt is gone;  
His last sea-fight is fought,  
His work of glory done.

It was not in the battle;  
No tempest gave the shock;  
She sprang no fatal leak,  
She ran upon no rock.

His sword was in its sheath,  
His fingers held the pen,  
When Kempenfelt went down  
With twice four hundred men.

—I hope I shall be excused the reference to larger interests than poetry made at the beginning of this note. Poetry, as one form in which the human mind expresses itself, moves as a whole with the national impulses; and our criticism must not omit to take these perturbations into account, when it endeavours to measure the course of even the smallest among the "orbs of song." *Rien n'est petit dans les arts.*

Yet we cannot doubt that this metre, in any case, is less favourable to dignity than the ten-syllabled verse, and that, when dealt with after Scott's fashion, the difficulty of conciliating it with the "noble style" becomes greater. Mr. Conington has, indeed, as the preface tells us, shunned the vulgarisms and carelessness of the conventional ballad style; he has avoided, perhaps too rigorously, the lighter anapaestic movement of Scott, endeavouring "to give the line of eight syllables something of the stateliness of the heroic," yet it is in this province that he seems to me to have met with least success.

Pass on, proud boast of Ilium's line,  
And find a happier fate than mine.

We may accept this: but take a few more:—

So vast the labour to create  
The fabric of the Roman state!

O worse-scarred hearts! these wounds at length

The Gods will heal, like those.

And vie with me in zeal to crown  
Rome's sons, the nation of the gown.

If any reader of the book should think that these specimens do not give a fair estimate of Mr. Conington's success in rendering those eminently Roman lines which are so marked a feature of the *Æneid*,—as I would hope against hope that the reader of it may think,—they have, at least, been selected with an anxious desire to do no injustice to a work which seems to me, on the whole, the best English translation of any among the great ancient poets. Nor is it intended to deny that in these and a hundred similar renderings, Mr. Conington has shown his usual accuracy and neatness of phrase. Nor again, am I insensible that where the stateliness of Virgil is not so much concentrated in one magnificent line, as diffused, and, as it were, held in solution throughout a paragraph, Mr. Conington's manner is often a true reproduction of the original. The longer passages already quoted are here in proof. Yet it seems to me impossible that any one can compare the lines above cited

with the original, and not feel that they miss the peculiar quality, the dignity, the Roman grandeur, the noble style of Virgil. Great as he is, that poet has certain points of weakness, upon which modern critics, from the time of Niebuhr's petulant dogmatism, have dwelt too exclusively: Virgil inharmoniously blends Homeric and Augustan ideas; he hampers himself by conventional epic rules; his "Imperialism" destroys our sympathy with his hero; even his sense of the graceful occasionally forsakes him; but, when the theme demands it, Virgil's command of a certain stately nobleness never fails.

In every Roman, through all turns of fate,  
Is Roman dignity inviolate.

Or better, in his own inimitable words:

Dixit, et avertens rosea cervice refulsit,  
ambrosiaque comae divinum vertice odorem  
spiravere: pedes vestis defluxit ad imos,  
et vera incessu patuit Dea.

At the beginning of this essay I remarked that Mr. Conington's choice of metre had carried with it one very serious, although, as it seemed to me, partially avoidable, sacrifice. Having now, as I hope, given a fair estimate of that sacrifice, may I be allowed to point out where the remedy might lie? One owes an apology to the scholar who has produced so considerable a work of art as this translation for suggesting a change in method; yet Mr. Conington's metre appears to me to offer so distinctly the best vehicle for this and similar versions, (until we have the only genuine *quantitative* hexameter), that it is fair to my own argument to mark where the metre has not been used to its fullest advantage. On this point I refer the reader to what has been already said of Shelley's "Euganean Hills," and Tennyson's "Wellington." Even the structure of the "In Memoriam" appears to me legitimately admissible in the metre, when passages of pathetic dignity are concerned; at any rate, the ode proves the possibility of strengthening the somewhat too easy march of the octo-

syllabic line with lines of nobler cadence. Space does not allow me here to illustrate my criticism at length; I will quote but one passage, which, to enforce the argument by exhibiting the "noble style" expressed in the metrical form of Scott, I select from Shelley's vision of Venice in decay.

Sun-girt City! thou hast been  
Ocean's child, and then his queen;  
Now is come a darker day,  
And thou soon must be his prey,  
If the power that raised thee here  
Hallow so thy watery bier.  
A less drear ruin then than now,  
With thy conquest-branded brow  
Stooping to the slave of slaves  
From thy throne among the waves,  
Wilt thou be,—when the sea-mew  
Flies, as once before it flew,  
O'er thine isles depopulate,  
And all is in its ancient state,  
Save where many a palace-gate  
With green sea-flowers overgrown,  
Like a rock of ocean's own,  
Topples o'er the abandoned sea  
As the tides change sullenly.  
The fisher on his watery way,  
Wandering at the close of day,  
Will spread his sail and seize his oar  
Till he pass the gloomy shore,  
Lest thy dead should, from their sleep  
Bursting o'er the starlight deep,  
Lead a rapid masque of death  
O'er the waters of his path.

If it be urged that I am here trying Mr. Conington by too severe a standard, and that only a poet, and one of a rare order too, can put such style into his lines, the conclusion will simply be that excellence in translation requires the same gifts as excellence in original poetry: that, in a word, the higher the poet, the better the version. Were this strictly so, we must give up the hope of the best possible *Æneid* or *Odyssey*; experience showing that when poetry is in its most flourishing periods, the writers are inspired by too creative an impulse, stirred by too powerful a life, to be capable of the self-surrender required of a translator. This curious point, translation by a poet of first-rate original power, deserves a few words of comment. It is the age of an Ennius or of a Dryden when the leading poets undertake these tasks; not that of a Virgil, a Milton, or a Wordsworth.

Perhaps, for the world's greatest gain, we should not wish it otherwise; but it may, I think, be doubted whether the same vivid force of nature without which we cannot have a new master-work would really, whatever efforts it might use, be capable of translation. Painting here affords an illustration which seems to me really analogous: it being a rule almost without exception that, although every great master has made studies from the works of his predecessors, we shall find no literal copies by his hand; whilst, conversely, the skilful copyist never displays power in original art. The force of individuality, we must presume, is so great that it cannot transfer and limit itself within the precincts of an alien mind. Hence also we have no really adequate copies of the greatest pictures. It appears to be the same with poetry, so far as the act of transfusion between one poet and another is concerned; but the wide differences of the two arts justify us in not carrying the parallel to all its conclusions. At least without going so far as to suppose an absolutely and literally perfect translation possible (an ideal which is in fact abandoned when we recognize that the poet's own diction can never be reproduced), I see no reason why—returning to the translation before us—a greater variety and force might not have been given by the author to the metre which he has employed, and with this (the other high qualities of the work remaining as they are) enough of the "noble style" to enable the reader to feel that the air he is breathing is the *largior aether* of Virgil.

Grace was the third leading feature which we demanded from a version of the "*Æneid*." So far as that grace is intimately blended with the poet's own diction, Mr. Conington, as we have seen, voluntarily and justly has not attempted its reproduction. There is a foolish phrase which speaks of the languages of Sophocles and Virgil as the dead languages. The truth is, that they are languages alive with a more spiritual vitality than any others. The

strange vicissitudes of European history have left us little in them not of their best; they live and speak in master-works. But whatever beauty has been essentially bound up with the words is hence peculiarly untransferable; it is the privilege and the reward, not of scholars only, but of all who have shared in our higher public education; it is no small part of the results which justify our adherence to that education as incomparably the most powerful system in existence for enlarging, strengthening, and refining the mind. Here, however, a translation, except as a piece of "embodied criticism," has no scope; and it also would be difficult or impossible to decide how far Virgil's gracefulness is a portion of Virgil's Latin. This analysis defies us, nor, indeed, can anything be well put into words upon the subject of poetical grace. Thus, I may be content with observing that Mr. Conington's version appears to me, within the possible limits, to attain throughout very high success. And, if the passages quoted seem to the reader so far to confirm this estimate, I am not afraid that he will judge it mistaken, on reference to the volume itself. It is a peculiar merit of the book that an evenness of general quality is constantly maintained; the writer has preserved that *æqualitas* which the greatest of the ancient critics claims for Virgil; he has loved his task too well to weary of it; and the skill with which he reproduces the poet's singular grace in his minor or connecting passages would alone entitle the translation to the first place among its predecessors. But this leads us to the last point in our survey.

If we cannot concede *narrative spirit* to the *Æneid* in so high a degree as to the hitherto unequalled vigour and vivacity of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, it is undeniable that Virgil possessed this essential quality of the epic in a very unusual measure. "The rules of eloquence," says Quintilian at the beginning of that memorable chapter, wherein he sums up the whole circle of the world's literature known to him,

"though needful as matter of knowledge, are not enough to make a powerful speaker, unless accompanied by a certain steady fluency;" *nisi illis firma quaedam facilitas, quæ apud Graecos εἰς nominatur, accesserit*. The scheme of Virgil's poem, involving a somewhat unfortunate and perplexing compromise between the spirit of the Homeric and the Augustan ages, absolutely required from him (as, from analogous reasons, it was required from Dante), an immense exhibition of this *firma facilitas*, this narrative energy, if he was to make his poem readable: and the popularity of almost two thousand years is a sufficient proof of his singular success. Compare him in this respect with other highly gifted men; with Ovid, with Ariosto and Tasso, Scott and Byron, who have the fluency, but not so much of the firmness; with Milton or Wordsworth, who are more or less defective in *facilitas*; and we may form some estimate of the difficulty and the importance of succeeding here. Indeed, when we think of the final aim of poetry—pure and lasting pleasure,—is not this, in one sense, the first quality that the writer should aim at, to be readable? Milton's "fit audience, though few," it has been lately remarked, is but a misguiding device for the poet,—at least if we take it to mean "fit, and therefore few." In this sense we can only accept it as the motto of a man who finds himself unappreciated; it is not to such hearers that a Homer or a Virgil, a Dante or a Shakespeare, address themselves; nor, indeed, have the masterpieces of human wit (Milton's included), failed to command an audience, wide in proportion to their excellence. That famous phrase which has been the apple of so much discord in ethics, "the greatest happiness of the greatest number," might be taken without reserve as the true definition of the Fine Arts;<sup>1</sup> and it requires no argu-

<sup>1</sup> The essay on criticism to which Mr. Dallas has given the name of "The Gay Science," takes this doctrine as its basis, and in the volumes at present published, the reader will find the question what is the proper pleasure of art set forth with much

ment to show that every work will fulfil the definition in direct proportion to the number, not less than to the sympathetic attitude of the readers whom it can attract. How far Mr. Conington's book is destined to satisfy this condition, it would be rash to predict; we can here say *solvitur ambulando* with good reason; but I shall venture to add, that his "*Æneid*" does appear to me readable in a degree very rarely accomplished by any English translation,—readable in a degree which no English translation of equal fidelity and fine scholarship has hitherto reached. Although this point could hardly be tested to the reader's satisfaction without much longer quotations than the space kindly placed at my disposal permits of, yet I can appeal to the passages already given, submitting them especially to the judgment of women, if I am fortunate enough to find "fit audience" among them. *They* are the tribunal before whom I should wish to lay a translation, with not less submission than before the high court of judgment named by Mr. Arnold. Those passages were, however, selected from the most elevated portions of the poem, and poets may succeed in such, whether original writers or translators, who have not enough "steady fluency" for the task, hardly less arduous, of giving life and interest to the longer intervening passages. But Virgil is not such a poet; his *æqualitas*, as Quintilian said, never forsakes him; he always writes at his best; unfinished as the "*Æneid*" is, he would be a rash critic who should try to show where the writer might have put in finer touches. I now, therefore, take a specimen from the plain course of the narrative. It is where one of the shipwrecked Trojans explains to Dido the reason of their appearance at Carthage.

Then, audience granted by the Queen,  
Ilioneus spoke with placid mien:

illustrative detail. How direct criticism is to be founded upon the consideration of the degree of pleasure given by any work of art will form the second, and perhaps the most curious portion of Mr. Dallas' essay.

"Lady, whom gracious Jove has willed  
A city in the waste to build,  
And minds of savage temper school  
By justice' humanizing rule,  
We, tempest-tost on every wave,  
Poor Trojans, your compassion crave  
From hideous flame our barks to save:  
Commiserate our wretched case,  
And war not on a pious race.  
We come not, we, to spoil and slay  
Your Lybian households, sweep the prey  
Off to the shore, then haste away:  
Meek grows the heart by misery cowed  
And vanquished souls are not so proud.  
A land there is, by Greece of old  
Known as Hesperia, rich its mould,  
Its children brave and free:  
Cenotrians were its planters: Fame  
Now gives the race their leader's name,  
And calls it Italy.  
There lay our course, when, grief to tell,  
Orion rising with a swell,  
Hurled us on shoals, and scattered wide  
O'er pathless rocks along the tide  
'Mid swirling billows: thence our crew  
Drifts to your coast, a rescued few.  
What tribe of human kind is here?  
What barbarous region yields such cheer?  
E'en the cold welcome of the sand  
To travellers is barred and banned:  
Ere earth we touch, they draw the sword  
And drive us from the bare sea-board.  
If men and mortal arms ye slight,  
Know there are Gods who watch o'er right.  
Æneas was our king, than who  
The breath of being none e'er drew,  
More brave, more pious, or more true:  
If he still looks upon the sun,  
No spectre yet, our fears are done,  
Nor need you doubt to assume the lead  
In rivalry of generous deed.  
Sicilia too, no niggard field,  
Has towns to hold us, arms to shield,  
And king Acestes, brave and good,  
In heart a Trojan, as in blood.  
Give leave to draw our ships ashore,  
There smooth the plank and shape the oar  
So should our friends, our king survive,  
For Italy we yet may strive:  
But, if our hopes are quenched, and thee,  
Best father of the sons of Troy,  
Death hides beneath the Libyan sea,  
Nor spares to us thy princely boy,  
Yet may we seek Sicamia's land,  
Her mansions ready to our hand,  
And dwell where we were guests so late,  
The subjects of Acestes' state."

Let us now add Dryden's translation  
of the first paragraph:—

Entering, with cries they fill'd the holy fane;  
Then thus, with lowly voice, Ilioneus began:  
"O Queen, indulged by favour of the gods,  
To found an empire in these new abodes;  
To build a town, with statutes to restrain  
The wild inhabitants beneath thy reign:



We wretched Trojans, toss'd on every shore,  
From sea to sea, thy clemency implore :  
Forbid the fires our shipping to deface,  
Receive th' unhappy fugitives to grace,  
And spare the remnant of a pious race."

Leaving readers of Latin to test the verbal fidelity of the two versions, we may give a few words to their relative fidelity in spirit. Remembering what has been said of the weak feature in the later translation, its want of Virgilian dignity, and our ears filled with the sonorous march of Dryden's verse, we may be at first inclined to find in Dryden's that high quality which I cannot please myself by discovering in Mr. Conington's. Nor (though this is not the place for discussing Dryden's power as a poet, or the erroneous judgment, as it seems to me, which places him now above Alexander Pope) would I deny that Dryden, in his own way, and in his original work, has reached a real, if a rare, nobleness in style. Yet what I find in his "*Æneid*" seems to me distinctly not Virgil's nobleness; no, nor anything like it, anything which can take its place. Where Virgil is stately, Dryden is pompous; for the magnificently varied march of his original he substitutes the fettered tramping of monotonous rhyme; we are in the court at Versailles, not that of Augustus; he gives us heaviness rather than weight. Dryden is of the earth, earthy; there is no touch of the divine or the ethereal about him. The external "pomp and circumstance" of his tone is perhaps of all styles the most repugnant to those who feel the intrinsic grandeur of the Roman epic. Dryden, when trying to be "noble," reminds me always of the monumental sculpture of his time, where the head of Marlborough or James II. is joined to the body and legs of Caesar, and we see a fine flowing Rameses wig surmounting breastplate, greaves, *caligae*, and all the appurtenances of a Roman general. Placed beside Virgil's, his dignity is like the architecture of the Blenheim or Bow Church compared to the Pantheon and Coliseum; to take another simile, it is like the pseudo-antique gems that were

engraved for Prince Poniatowski, against such originals as the Duke of Devonshire's "Muse," the Marlborough "Hermes," or the Hellenic treasures of Mr. Rhodes and Mr. King. Indeed, the translator's own preface, clever and brilliant as it is, affords proof sufficient how imperfectly he was able to appreciate the Greek or Roman poetry; it has a certain coarse good sense, but refinement, but imaginative power, or capacity to regard the poetry of Homer and Virgil from the historical point of view, must not be looked for. This is only saying, as he might have himself allowed, that Dryden was upon the average level of English taste and scholarship at a time when both were at a low ebb; "our nadir," says the judicious Hallam, "in works of imagination:" but we may find in this sufficient grounds for believing that the time has come for a newer and a truer English "*Æneid*," and for rejoicing that it has been dealt with by a man so much more capable of comprehending the spirit and of doing justice to some at least of Virgil's essential qualities; his language, his religion, his sentiment, his prevailing grace, his sustained finish, his narrative brilliancy.

After our free discussion of what Mr. Conington has done, and what he has not yet succeeded in doing, I hope that I shall not be thought guilty of fancifulness or partiality if the summing up be thus decidedly in his favour. This English "*Æneid*," as his own modest and graceful preface confesses, does not reproduce all Virgil's "*Æneid*;" but it gives more, much more of that greatest monument of the Roman genius than any which has preceded it; above all, it is by many degrees the most readable and attractive of our modern versions from the antique. Where any taste for poetry exists, this is the translation which will charm the boy who "groans and sweats" under the burden of learning Latin, and the man who has half forgotten it; whilst to the other half of cultivated human beings, cut off by our illiberal system of training from the pleasures which

they are better fitted than men to enjoy, it offers an image, such as was never within their reach before, of that ethereal grace, that mysterious Raphael-esque beauty, that strange imaginative charm, which during the middle ages gave a place to Virgil among the chief magicians of the world.—And after so many centuries, and looking at him now with vision strengthened and purified by the great poets who have since written for us, Virgil is a magician still ! it is impossible to take up his poetry, and not feel how much more we gain, in clearness and elasticity of mind, in the invigorating sensation of pure and lofty pleasure, from such reading, than from the ephemeral writings which must compose the majority not only in our own literature, but in the literature of all ages. Great men, and the masterworks which they leave us, have this peculiar privilege, that they not only resume in themselves the best thoughts and impulses of their time, but receive them in

the most vivid manner, and express them in the most penetrating and delightful form. An hour with genius is hence better for us than a year with common-place and mediocrity. We may be reluctant to accept this doctrine, but I do not see how we can escape it : it is the expression of a very simple natural law. Power to penetrate and to vivify is in absolute proportion to original force and vitality. The harvest which ordinary minds bring is of leaves and stubble, whilst the flowers and the fruit are offered us only by the hand of genius. Thus we can afford to read far less, when our reading has so infinitely more in it. There is much that might be said upon this : much also, as I had planned at starting, upon the “Æneid” itself and its relations to kindred poems. I might contradict the tenour of my own argument, and run-on upon such topics for ever. But I hope the reader will now close these pages, and have the courage to turn again to Virgil.

### DANGERS IN INDIA.

A VAGUE sense of coming evil seems to have taken possession of the minds of very many of our countrymen in India. It resembles the presentiment which was common in the early part of 1857, before the great Mutiny. The feeling is ridiculed by many ; but surely it is wise to make inquiry as to its origin, and endeavour to find out whether there is anything in our policy that would seem to make it justifiable.

Everybody knows that, in 1858, in consequence of the Mutiny, and the supposed mismanagement of the East India Company, the Home Government assumed the sole government of British India. This was announced by a proclamation from the Queen in Council to the people of India on the 1st November, 1858. The following sentence occurs in that proclamation :—“ We “ desire no extension of our present

“ territorial possessions ; and, while we “ will permit no aggression upon our “ dominions or our rights to be attempted “ with impunity, we shall sanction no “ encroachment on those of others. We “ shall respect the rights, dignity, and “ honour of the native princes as our “ own.” This declaration gave great satisfaction to all the princes and to the natives generally ; and fidelity to it was regarded as the chief advantage to be obtained by the transfer of the government from the Company to the Queen.

Well, after such a guarantee, it must surely seem unreasonable that any native prince should have doubts as to the treatment that he and his successors might look for at the hands of the British Government. Yet about fifteen months after the Queen's proclamation had been published we find that Lord Canning was constrained to write :

—“There appears to be a haze of doubt and mistrust in the mind of each chief as to the policy which the Government will apply to his state in the event of his leaving no natural heir to his throne, and each seems to feel, not without reason, that in such a case the ultimate fate of his country is uncertain.” Lord Canning then goes on to express his great astonishment at the “extraordinary satisfaction” with which Seindia received an assurance that the Government would recognise his adopted heir if he should not leave a son when he died. The Maharajah of Rewah, on receiving a similar assurance, said, “That his family had been in Rewah for 1,100 years, and that my words had dispelled an ill wind which had long been blowing upon him.” When this news became known, the rejoicings in the various capitals were great, and corresponded in their nature to the celebrations that actually take place on the birth of an heir to the throne. Several other chiefs replied in equally joyous terms when they heard of the assurance given; but they were all “eager to have it solemnly recorded.”

These words form a striking commentary upon our Indian policy. The Queen had proclaimed that she would respect the rights of the native princes as jealously as her own; the Viceroy by word of mouth confirmed this gracious declaration; but, judging from what had taken place in times past, and knowing that the policy of one Governor-General had often been reversed by his successor, they wished to have the assurance “solemnly recorded.”

No Hindoo would consider that his rights were guaranteed to him “if the right of adoption were not included in the guarantee.” Nor would any Mahomedan think that his rights were guaranteed to him if we withheld his right to adopt “a collateral as his heir in preference to another of closer affinity.” The latter practice is common amongst Mahomedans; and the right of adoption is a sacred necessity with the Hindoos. Mr. Maine, who is now

the legal member of the Governor-General's Council in India, has laid down the law on the subject. In his “Ancient Law,” he says, speaking of the Hindoos, “The right to inherit a dead man's property is exactly co-extensive with the duty of performing his obsequies. . . . Every great event in the life of a Hindoo seems to be regarded as leading up to and bearing upon these solemnities. If he marries, it is to have children who may celebrate them after his death; if he has no children, he is under the strongest obligation to adopt one from another family ‘with a view,’ says the Hindoo doctor, ‘to the funeral cake, the water, and the solemn sacrifice.’” With these words in our minds, let us see whether that strange presentiment of dangers, which we have good authority for believing to be now prevalent among our countrymen in India, may not in part at least be traced to a definite origin. Let us glance at the cases of the Rajah of Mysore, the Nabob of the Carnatic, and the Nizam of the Deccan.<sup>1</sup>

#### THE RAJAH OF MYSORE.

In 1799, by the fall of Seringapatam and the death of the usurper Tippoo Saib, the kingdom of Mysore came into the joint possession of the British and the Nizam. A treaty was drawn up by the allies, and by right of that treaty the infant Rajah, who was the rightful heir, ascended the throne. He has been Rajah from that day to the present. By an article of the Treaty power was given to the Governor-General to assume the administration of the affairs of Mysore, if the mismanagement was so manifest as to make such a transfer expedient. This transfer was made in 1831. Since that time the Rajah has been assisted in the government of his people by a British Commission. The debts of the country have been

<sup>1</sup> If anybody wishes to obtain further information upon these subjects, we recommend him to read “Our Empire in India,” and “The Mysore Question,” by Major Evans Bell. From these books much of the matter of this paper has been gathered.

paid ; justice is well administered ; the police and postal arrangements are good ; education is cared for ; and the revenue amounts to about 1,000,000*l.* a year. The Rajah is seventy-three years old. He has no son. He has given many proofs of being well affected towards the British rule : pre-eminently he gave such proofs during the Mutiny. The mutineers, knowing how valuable to their cause would have been the support of such a monarchy, left no means untried to obtain its support ; but in vain. During the crisis the Rajah lent his personal establishment of elephants to an English regiment that was making a forced march, and sent a body of cavalry to assist in suppressing the Mutiny. The Chief Commissioner—the late Sir Mark Cubbon—reported to the Governor-General that the “moral effect” of these acts was very important. The Rajah was thanked in an autograph letter by the Governor-General. But this letter of thanks was shortly followed by another letter informing him that the administration of his affairs was about to be transferred from the control of the Governor-General himself to the subordinate Governor of Madras. The Rajah at once wrote that the intended transfer filled him with “apprehension and alarm.” And then, in strange language for a king writing to one the representative of a queen, he says :—“Consider, my Lord, I beseech you, the degradation to which I should be subjected by such a measure in the eyes of all nations, and especially of my own subjects. Pardon the boldness of my language, but my conscience tells me that I am entitled to protection from your Lordship, in consideration of loyalty exhibited by myself and my subjects during the recent sad disturbances, which permitted 2,000 of my Silladar horse to be sent to aid in the suppression of the rebellion ; I claim it, moreover, my Lord, in virtue of her Majesty’s proclamation. . . . I am an old man, and have suffered much ; and you, my Lord, will, I feel assured, save me from this crowning indignity.” This touching

appeal from the old prince was successful, and the discreditable order was cancelled.

But it is not possible to judge the extent to which our good name and our honour suffered by the transaction. Doubt once more ran through the native mind. Sir Mark Cubbon had been the Chief Commissioner of Mysore for twenty-six years ; he had lived in India for more than fifty years ; few understood the natives so well as he did, and he had refused to give his sanction to the unwise and unfair policy contemplated, and had resigned his high office at once. He wrote :—“The late order is regarded as “a great breach of public faith, and as “the first step towards the final extinction of Mysore, . . . and consequently tending to produce the most fatal of all results, the destruction of “all confidence in the sincerity of the “Queen’s proclamation.” This was the opinion of the oldest and wisest of the old school of Anglo-Indian politicians alive at that time.

We have said that the Rajah of Mysore has no son, and that he has always been well affected to our rule. These two facts have led us to suppose that at his death we should succeed to the kingdom. The old man has often said that he would be the last Rajah of Mysore. Most probably he had given up all hope that, if he did adopt a son, we should recognise the person chosen. But the Queen’s proclamation, and the Viceroy’s word, led him to hope. He resolved at last to adopt a son. A high British official to whom he was speaking could with difficulty bring himself to believe that we were actually to lose the kingdom which seemed almost within our grasp. He asked, “Is it your Highness’s wish to adopt a son to succeed to all your Highness’s possessions ?” The Rajah answered, “It is not only my wish to make such an adoption, but it is my determination to adopt a son in conformity with the Hindoo law and the long established usages of my ancestors, to be the representative of the ancient Rajahs of Mysore.” It is believed by all Europeans in India that

it is the intention of the British Government to thwart the Rajah in this. It is not possible to foresee what will take place in India if we refuse his desire; or, rather, it is only too easy to see what will happen.

#### THE NABOB OF THE CARNATIC.

The Directors of the East India Company wrote, in 1764, to the Nabob of the Carnatic: "We are at a loss to express our acknowledgment otherwise than by the strongest assurance of our firm intention to prove to you, at once the sincerity of our past, and the warmth of our present friendship, by supporting you in the most effectual manner in your government, and by endeavouring to perpetuate the succession thereof in the direct line of your family." King George III. said to him, in an autograph letter, 19th March, 1771: "We are satisfied that our friendship and protection to you and your posterity will descend through our succession from generation to generation." The Council of Madras said in 1779, "All attention and support is certainly due to the Nabob as our old and faithful ally, connected with us by every tie, and demanding from us every indulgence." And the Governor of Madras, in 1780, said: "It is unquestionably to his influence that we are indebted for a great part of our prosperity, for our success against the French in India in the last war, and for the decisive strides made against them in the present war, to which, as affairs have since turned out, we owe, perhaps, our present existence in the East." Again, the Directors wrote: "It appears from the Report of the Advocate-General, of 22d September, 1810, that the rights of his Highness the Nabob, as a sovereign prince, have been allowed and confirmed by the Supreme Court of Judicature, and declared to be exempt from its local jurisdiction."

The late Nabob of the Carnatic died in the autumn of 1855. He did not leave a son, but his uncle survived him. The late Nabob did not exercise any

functions of royalty; he lived an idle, useless life, and was, in fact, a pensioner of the British Government. He had a large palace assigned to him as his residence, which was always crowded with his Mahomedan retinue. Thousands lived upon his bounty, and this expense, together with his dissolute habits, ate up his pension. His debts were very large. He was, however, regarded by the 70,000 Mahomedans resident in Madras as their prince-protector, and the head of their religion in the Carnatic. Up to the present time we have refused to allow the uncle to ascend the throne vacated by his nephew. Various reasons have been assigned for this. It is said that the life of the late Nabob was so profligate and useless that we cannot allow any one to succeed to the throne. It is said that he was not a hereditary prince; which is certainly not consistent with the declaration of the Directors quoted above. But, whatever are our reasons, and whatever force we ourselves may find in them, it is easy to see the effect on the minds of the Mahomedans in India and their princes. "Look at these British," must be the feeling; "they forget the promise of the Company; they forget their king's letter; they disregard now the invaluable services they acknowledged when it was their interest to do so; they forswear honour and gratitude; and all to save a pension which they would have to pay." In short, just as, in the case of the Rajah of Mysore, we have led every Hindoo to mistrust us, so, in the case of the Nabob of the Carnatic, we have gained the everlasting hatred of every Mahomedan in the land. The prince humbly prostrated himself before the poor Scottish peer who ruled India; but he cringed and fawned in vain. The Marquis of Dalhousie—than whom no abler, no more devoted, no more mistaken man, ever ruled our Indian Empire—seemed scarcely to acknowledge the homage, although the suppliant was the lineal descendant of that Nabob of the Carnatic but for whom France would pro-

bably at this moment possess what we call British India.

#### THE NIZAM OF THE DECCAN.

This prince was great long before the days of British power in India. He was our ally in our successful campaign against Tippoo. He sent 20,000 troops to our aid, who did good service by our side, and shared with us the prize-money taken. He was a party to the Treaty which was made at the close of the campaign. Now, as has been before mentioned, under this Treaty the Rajah of Mysore has reigned nearly threescore years and ten. By the power given us in this Treaty we have interfered in the internal government of Mysore. Various changes have been contemplated in the mode of administering the government, and other changes have actually been made. This has always been done by one of the parties to the Treaty—ourselves—without the slightest reference to the other party, the Nizam. We have only to consider what we should have felt if the Nizam had done all this without reference to us, to understand his feelings.

But the Nizam has a peculiar interest in our policy as to the princes. He

owed us money; we dunned him; and, as he could not pay, we made him cede to us, in 1853, the rich province of Berar. This we hold in trust. It is administered, like Mysore, by a commission. What possible guarantee has the Nizam that we shall not one day say that we intend to keep Berar, because the Nizam has no son, or because he is not a hereditary prince, or because, some future Nizam being profligate, we must rule in his stead? Absolutely none. He looks at Mysore and the Carnatic, and he knows that he too is at our mercy.

If there is uneasiness again in India, may there not be a sufficient origin for it in such facts as the foregoing, and in other facts like them? May we learn the fit lessons in time! We cannot always maintain our Indian Empire by means of bayonets. We quelled the last mutiny because the princes were with us. But, if at any time some one prince of power should raise the standard of revolt in India, having the other princes on his side, we shall learn to our cost that even 80,000 Britons cannot, by mere force, keep two hundred millions of Orientals in subjection.

### SILCOTE OF SILCOTES.

BY HENRY KINGSLEY, AUTHOR OF "RAVENSHOE," "THE HILLYARS AND THE BURTONS," ETC.

#### CHAPTER XXXVI.

##### A HAPPY MEETING.

I THINK it very likely that, if there had been any liquor-shops close to St. Mary's, James, in the full flush of his excitement on this last and most triumphant day at the old place, would have got easily tipsy. But he had no opportunity, and certainly no inclination. He knew nothing of the effects of stimulants more than any other St. Mary's lad. There

were legends among the oldsters of boys having got drunk in the old times, when the college was in town, but those legends were now very old indeed, and the only creed among the boys about drinking was that it was a manly and gentlemanly habit, from which they were unfortunately debarred. The lad, therefore, tired with pleasure and excitement, wended himself, in a pleasantly weary frame of mind, to his mother's room about half-past nine, and found her more busy than usual among her maids,



giving all kinds of careful directions, apparently with a view to her departure.

He had time to gather this much before she spoke to him. She only smiled at him when he first came in, and asked him by her eyes to stay. After a little time she said to the maids, "I think everything is in perfect train, now. See that I find it so on my return; I shall not be long. Work as if I was looking on at you—firstly, because it is your duty; and secondly, because I shall demand an inexorable account from you when I come back. Those are no workers, to my taste, who can only work under the master's eye.—My dear James, you are, of all people in the world, the one I wished to see most."

It was the first time she had ever called him by his Christian name; he wondered why, and she herself could not have told him at that time. She was still undecided whether she would reveal herself to him or not.

"James," she said, when the maids were gone, "you go to Silcotes to-morrow? How?"

"I shall walk, Mrs. Morgan. I came to say good bye. I can't exactly begin——"

"Then don't begin. That is perfectly easy, is it not? I also am going to Silcotes; I also am going to walk. I want you, if you will do so much for an old woman, to let me walk with you, and to show me the way. Will you do this for me? I walk fast and far, and must be back quickly, for my good maidens are, with all their good intentions, but disjointed limbs without their head. Will you undertake the old woman?"

"Undertake you!" said James. "Why I'll wheel you there in a Bath-chair, if you like. But it is nonsense. I tell you you will never get there on foot. I make a bee line of it, and it is three-and-twenty miles."

"Three-and-twenty fiddlesticks, boy. No distance at all. Will you show me the way?"

"I should like to, better than I can tell. Do you think you can manage it?"

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"I will walk as fast as you will, and as far. Go to bed, your head is hot; to-morrow morning at ten, then, at the south end of the cloisters."

The south end of the cloisters was close to the great gate, and was the place at which people generally waited before departure. James, his uniform now cast off for ever, was early there; he was, in fact, the very first arrival.

But he was not long alone; he was joined by Reginald, now a pale-faced youth of some eighteen years, with a weak and small, but very pretty and gentle face. He, too, had finished his academical career the night before, and had left the dormitory, and had slept at his father's, and so James had not seen him since the last evening. James saw that he was vexed at something, and asked him what it was. The relations between them hitherto were merely those of a boy with character and boldness acting on one without either, overlaid with a strong boyish affection; relations scarcely worth noticing until now. James asked him, confidentially, what was the matter.

"Queen Elizabeth was a Tartar, I expect," said Reginald. "Don't you think she was?"

"What the deuce do I care? She had the tongue of her family, and lashed out at times; but she is dead, you know."

"Ah! but Anne ain't dead though, and she has got the tongue of *her* family, too. I'll back the Silcote tongue against the Tudor any day of the week. And I have been having a taste of it this morning."

"You generally seem to be getting a taste of it, Reg, as far as I see. Why don't you give her as good as she brings? You have got the Silcote tongue, too, haven't you? Why don't you pitch into her?"

"Because I can't. She stabs me with a dagger, while I lose my temper, and make blind hits at her with a cudgel. She makes me lose temper, and consequently judgment, in a moment. *She* never loses her temper."

"Loses it? No, I should think not.

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It is too visible a thing to be lost. Why, Reg, there is nothing about her but her temper, except her beauty. She won't lose her beauty till she is old, and her temper is far too *pronounced* to be lost, or even mislaid for long. Its a shrewish temper, and she is a shrew. Why the dickens do you bother yourself with her?"

"Just hear what she said to me at my own father's breakfast-table this morning."

"What is the good?" said the gentle James. "What on earth is the good? She has irritated you this morning: is that any reason why you should irritate yourself all over again? Besides, here she comes herself, and will, if I know her, let us know all that has past. Let be."

Anne's horse and groom had been sent over from Silcotes, and she was to ride back. She came quickly towards them down the cloister, in her grey riding-habit, with the long skirt of it caught over one hand, and her whip in the other. A trim, pretty, doll-like little figure, with a very pretty small-featured face, terribly hard set about the mouth, and nearly as narrow, from eye to eye, as her own grandfather's, "the impersonation of Silcotism," as Miss Raylock once called him.

Her greeting had all the suspicion and all the abruptness of that remarkable family, or, to be more correct, of all the members of that family whom Miss Raylock set down as "true Silcotes." She never said "Good morning," or anything of that sort, but she went up to James, and said,—

"So he has been telling you *his* story, then?"

"All right," said the perfectly placid James. "Now you turn to, and tell us yours."

"I knew he would," said Anne. "I was perfectly sure that he would take the opportunity of my putting on my riding-habit, to take his story to you. I *knew* that."

"Well, but, you see," said James, "that he hasn't done anything of the sort. Now let us have *your* story to

begin with. I know nothing of his. Why on earth do you two squabble and fight so? What is the matter this time? Was not there bread and butter enough for the pair of you?"

Anne tossed her head, and turned away. If James could have seen her face, he would have known, boy as he was in reality, that for the moment she hated him.

To more pleasant matters. Old Algernon joined them. He looked very grey, very gentle, and very good, and he came to James—

"You will make a success if you do as well in the world as you have done here"—and gave him good advice.

James, though not in the least inclined for goody talk on that particular morning, as little inclined as are my readers, listened to it respectfully, but was relieved by the arrival of Arthur, who at least changed the conversation, though possibly turned it into a less agreeable channel. Probably he has been called "prig" too often in these pages; he was more than that. Everything he did was done with a will, using generally a miserly minimum of means towards the largest maximum of end. He did exactly the same with his money, and so, in these times, he stands out as a consistent and virtuous character. He was niggardly and cautious with his money, though he had protested against his brother Tom's disinheritance. He was niggardly and cautious in his sympathy with the boys under his charge, because he hated the idea of discounting, in the very smallest degree, his prestige as head-master; of abating one jot of the newly-gained power among two hundred boys. A power which was the dearer to his heart, because it was more absolute, and more easily and more visibly exercised, than any power he had possessed before; it was a greater power than his old power as proctor of Oxford, and he loved it proportionately more. The man had power, force, will, call it what you like, and he loved it. He hoarded his money, because he saw that his brother Thomas had lost power

by spending *his*; he utilized the power which his conduct towards that brother had given him in the eyes of his father, because he wished to discount his generosity in the form of power over his father; and he was cold and unsympathetic with his boys, because it was his nature, and his nature had been doubly confirmed in him by a course of unpopular Oxford donnery.

He was not fond of James. James was just now a mere genial idle being, who had stayed too long at school, had got to the top of it, and, not having a University career before him, had become perhaps idle, certainly popular. Arthur did not like popular boys; he himself, the salt of the earth, had been always eminently unpopular. He had an objection to popular boys. There was one gliding out of his clutches, though still in his cloisters, and he let him know it. Besides, he was desperately angry about Miss Lee.

"Well, boy," he began. "And so my father has consented to send you to Italy to study art. Goodness knows you need it. But you will make a mess of it; you haven't got either brains or genius. The only reason I see for his decision is that you *may* be fit for it, and that you are certainly fit for nothing else. I saw one gleam of genius in you once, in a caricature of me, but it was evanescent. I would have pressed on him sending you to the University, but I didn't think you were worth the trouble and expense."

James was out of his power, and had no idea of his relationship to him: and he had a shrewd tongue, and could possibly have given him as good as he brought. But he did not. When Arthur had done with his bitter hard words, he went quietly up to him, took his hand and said,—

"Before we part I have got to thank you for all your kindness and care for me since you have been here. You know as well as myself how utterly undeserving I have been of it. I wish to tell you, sir, that my faults have only been due to a natural boisterousness which I will try to correct" (he looked *very*

like it, he looked a *very* likely person to "correct boisterousness;" but the lad was in earnest, and must not, if possible, be laughed at). "I want very much, sir, before we part, to impress on you the fact that you have won my entire esteem and respect. And I'll tell you something more, sir. The other fellows don't like you, but they trust you."

Arthur flushed up scarlet; he was outdone in generosity by a boy he had thought to worry into impertinence. The "gentleman" burst out of him instantly. "You are a noble fellow, sir. If you turn chimney-sweep or scavenger you will be a gentleman still. I ask your pardon for having misconceived you. My health is very bad, and my life is extremely uncertain. With my health my temper suffers: I will try to correct it. I should have wished a different career for you, but for such a noble nature as yours I have no anxiety. Your future will be turbulent and wild, but try to keep by the old faith: as I draw nearer death I only love it more. Write to me from Italy."

"Italy, and again Italy," said Count Frangipanni's voice behind them; "and they all talk of Italy now. And I come to make my *congé* to the best of all head-masters, and I wait and wait long time, till my head-master has done walking up and down the cloister with his hand on the shoulder of my pupil; my Sugden. And I hear the word Italy, and that gives excuse to break my manners, and to make *congé*. For the train will wait at Basingstoke, but not for me. And from Basingstoke the iron lines go southward. Whither? Into thundercloud, into darkness, into blood, into fury and madness; into calm, peaceful, everlasting sunshine. And I must go."

"What, you are at it again, you folks, are you?" said Arthur, in a tone which was decidedly not sympathetic with the cause of Italian freedom, though he had the day before called out "Viva Garibaldi!" in one of his unaccountable moods. "You are at it again, are you? after '48 too. Well, 'he who will to Cupar maun to Cupar.' The Tuscans won't go with you, they are too well

governed; and, if you hope anything from the Sardinian monarchy, you are madder than I take you for. And, on your very first movement, France will be over the Alps on you, in anticipation of Austria; and there will be a fight between Austria and France over your carcase, and Austria will win one great battle, and after that will consent to annex Piedmont, giving France Savoy, Nice, and Tuscany, and consenting to a joint protectorate over the rest of Northern Italy. You had better leave it alone, and stay here."

To which remarks Count Frangipanni bowed his head three times solemnly, and in perfect silence, not trusting himself to express his wonder in words, made his *congé* to the head-master, and backed away over Mr. Betts, who said,—

"Now then, Count! I ain't done anything against Italian liberty to deserve having my bunion trod on like that. Do you know that Kriegsthum has hooked it?"

"That Kriegsthum has hooked it?" said the Count. "I am at a little loss to fathom the meaning of what you say. Hook it?"

"Ah! hooked it, Count. But lor, it's no use talking slang to a gentleman like you. Cut away, do you understand? Hopped his twig; sloped; mizzled it; made his lucky; you understand *that*?"

The Count shook his head; and went away in the direction of James.

Betts stayed with Arthur and Algernon. "There's some sort of a game up among 'em," he said, "and I can't get to the bottom of it. They are all going south, into the very country where their heads ain't worth twopence a dozen. Your aunt's gone, you know, but she'd go anywhere where there was confusion. She ought to have been christened 'Confusion Silcote,' only the same name would be equally applicable to every member of the family I have ever seen—present company excepted, of course. And Dembinsky, he's going, but he'd go anywhere for the sake of mere confusion for its own sake. Old Frangipanni is going, which looks queer; and old Mother Raylock is going; she *may*

be in Short's Gardens with her tea-parties and her flowers, and may want to get materials for another novel in her old age. I can account for all of them. But what utterly upsets and shuts me up is this. They are all going, but old Kriegsthum is *gone*, and took a hundred pounds of mine with him. He never went in '48; he stayed. There's a game up, sir, and my opinion of it is, the Lord help the Pope.—Mrs. Morgan, my dear madam, I wish you a good day and a pleasant journey. Be back as soon as you can, for we shall never get on without you now."

She had joined the group while they had been talking, and now, after bowing and smiling round, beckoned James that she was ready. She wore her usual grey clothes, a little prepared for walking, the only addition to her costume being a close grey hood. She started, accompanied by James, at once after a few words of farewell, and those who were left saw the strange pair walk swiftly away together. They saw them skirt the lake, and lost them at the edge of the wood; then they saw them top the highest summit of the moorland, and disappear against the sky.

They had a great pleasure in one another's society, and, although the way was long, and the road rough with frost and snow, it seemed short and cheerful. They talked about many things, she pointing out to him the chances, the dangers, and the glories of his future career as an artist, from time to time, so that he was never bored with her serious talk, but only excited and elevated. Then they talked of the crops, and the soil, and the poor, until, after twenty miles, the lanes began to rise and grow rougher, and Boisey held his beech-crowned head, now delicately silvered with snow, close above them in their path.

"Tired, my dear?" she asked.

"I tired! But how about you? What a splendid walker you are!"

"I have been used to it all my life. I used to walk twenty miles into Exeter at one time. And I walked that road once too often."

"Did you have an accident?"

"An accident? Yes."

"It has not crippled you. You walk strong and free."

"I had need. I have a long journey before me, and many things to do by the way; and time gets short."

"In which direction does your way lead you?"

"That I cannot tell you; I have hardly any idea. It depends entirely on a few people whose wills have always been as unsettled as the sea. You are one of those people. Learn, therefore, to be strong. Take any line you like, but hold to it; and leave me no more of these tangled skeins to set right."

"But what is your destination in this journey of yours?"

"My destination is the same as your own,—the grave. I have a life to live out, and I am going to try to put certain things right before I die. What things, I scarcely know. How, I do not see. I believe that I may require your assistance. I may or I may not. I cannot see my way as yet. If I require, if I *command*, your assistance, let me find no whimpering, sentimental boy, but a self-possessed, cool-headed man. You are gentle and loveable; I want more than that. I may want you to show you mettle on emergency. Not in fisticuffs, or any rubbish of that sort, but in hard intellectual pluck. There is mischief coming. There is death coming. I have dreamt of fallen angels, still wearing their white garments, being hurled over a high precipice into a deep unfathomable pool of black water by thousands. I know one who wears white still. Never wear white, boy, it shows the bloodstains so openly; whether the blood be Polish, Hungarian, or Italian, it shows all the same. Here is the old short cut, through this gap, you forgetful boy. Turnips this year again: how is that? God help me! my memory must not go yet. Turnips! I must be a year wrong. Wheat, barley, clover, is three, and turnips, wheat, barley, and clover is four, which is seven. Quite right. And turnips again

is eight. And you are turned nineteen, which makes it quite right. Don't you see?"

James did not see at all; but he said, "I will go with you through thick and thin. But I cannot understand what you are speaking about——"

"I hardly understand myself," she interrupted. "You will probably know more in less than half an hour. But I can say nothing even about that. Don't brush your feet through the turnips like that; lift them over. If you cut away the heart of the turnip with your boots, the frost will get in, and destroy the turnip, and if the turnip is destroyed the farmer will suffer; and if the farmer suffers the labourer will suffer more. For the farmer having no margin, but living from hand to mouth, but feeling the dread, horror, and disgrace of bankruptcy always before him, oppresses the labourer, who is undegradable, being in a chronic state of bankruptcy. They used to say that taxes ultimately fall on the producer. They have altered that now, I believe. But remember when—I mean if ever—you come into any property, that every pound spent in luxury represents a loss of seven shillings and sixpence to the wealth of the nation. Look there—there is old Avery, creeping out in the sun. He don't look a bit older. Did ever anybody see the like of that?"

She had totally puzzled James. He could not make "head or tail" of her. I hope that the reader is only puzzled by her political economy.

"We turn off here," said James.

"The lane is better walking," she answered.

"You have been here before, and you know the people too," said James, as though he had made a brilliant discovery.

And she said, "Wait. It is inconceivable to me that mere absence should have dulled memory to this extent. Let us see. After all it is a mere psychological question. It does not touch one's heart, or the sentimental part of one, in the least."

In the muddiest part of the muddiest

lane, James, in a state of puzzled and wondering submission, stopped her in her rapid walk for a moment.

"I lived here once," he said, and pointed to the old cottage.

She turned, and looked him full and steadily in the face, for her mind was made up now. There was to be no more deceit in her life. She looked him straightly, steadily in the face, and merely said, "You lived here once? Does the sight of the old place bring up no memories? Do you remember your mother?"

Not in the least. He looked her straight in the face, and answered, "No."

The door was ready for unlocking, but the key was still a quarter of a mile away.

Wending on through the woodlands they came to a part of them where nature began to be slightly assisted by art; laurels and laurustinus began to appear, and, after the first wire fence was passed, the signs of order grew more and more visible, until the scarcely-marked roadway grew into a gravel-drive, and, joining another and a larger one, which formed the main approach to the house, came to an end.

She walked steadily on in silence through the glades of the densely-timbered deer park, catching glimpses from time to time of the crowded and deep red chimneys and gables of Silcotes. When they were before the porch she spoke again.

"I wonder whether the bloodhounds are loose?"

"You are perfectly safe with me," he answered, still in wonder; and they passed into the old hall.

Here were the dogs grouped round the fire—standing, sitting, and lying, blinking their foolish soft eyes at it. And in the centre of them sat a man of great stature, who was bending thoughtfully over the blaze, with his feet upon the stone hearth on either side of it.

A soldier, as it seemed to James, for he wore the high military collar, and had some sort of silver accoutrements on his back. The dogs seemed fond of

him, and one had leaned its great head against his knee.

A slight movement among the dogs, in consequence of their recognising James, caused this man to look round and rise. When James had finished caressing the only one of the lazy animals which had come to meet him, he looked at the man again. He was a soldier of some sort, and was of great height, James saw, and then he suddenly gasped for breath and twitched his arms. His mother stood perfectly silent; looking eagerly on.

It was a strange thing, but he knew his uncle, when he had been quite unable to recognise his mother. James Sugden's face (it was he who stood before James, in the dress of a commissionnaire) had changed but little in his Crimean campaign; and his mother's had changed so much,—not only in appearance, but in expression. As for Sugden, he was the great, peaceful, placid, affectionate giant he had ever been. James, in a startled voice, called him by his old title, and, as he saw the old quiet smile come into his face, he dashed forward with a shout, and had him by both arms.

"Is mother here?" was his first eager question, when he had looked for half a minute on the dear old face. "Have you brought her?"

"Yes! here she is, old man," said Sugden, turning towards her. James saw no one but Mrs. Morgan, and trembled in every limb. Sugden went and kissed her, and when he saw the two faces together he knew her, and such a rush of emotion, of wonder, of joy, of regret, came on him at once, as could only find expression in a wild, delighted cry.

Hour after hour passed on, and not a servant came near the hall; Silcote had provided against that. Only very distant sounds came feebly on the ear; the bloodhounds slumbered quietly around them; a deep unutterable peace filled the souls of these three so long separated, so happily united, as they sat hand in hand talking in a low and gentle voice before the fire.



## CHAPTER XXXVII.

WE GET THE ASSISTANCE OF A CHORUS.

It is a common accusation against the English abroad that they herd too much together, and, until they are very well used to it, will avoid the best foreign companionship and society for the sake of a third-class compatriot. It is, no doubt, somewhat true; and it would certainly have seemed true, and been put down as an inseparable accident of the English nation, had M. Assollant happened to be at a certain great ball given at the Russian Embassy at Vienna in the very early spring of 1859.

It was a rather awkward time for every one; for, after the French Emperor's too celebrated "regrets" on New Year's day, which have now become so celebrated as to be a little of a bore, things had been going on from bad to worse. And although Lord Cowley had arrived in Vienna to undertake the somewhat hopeless task of persuading two persons to make peace, both of whom were bent on fighting, it was a more awkward time for the English at Vienna than usual, for it was notorious that three quarters of the nation had Italian sympathies, and consequently in the coming struggle wished Austria well certainly, but wished Italy better. The French also were extremely unpopular with the English that year, so that really our poor countrymen had not a very pleasant time of it in the Austrian capital, having a strong disinclination to speak to any one they met; and were more than ever inclined to get together. Of course I am only speaking of the rank and file, of the quiet and non-political travellers or residents.

Such quiet people found themselves perfectly comfortable and safe in the society of two people well known as English, and also as sound Austrians; one of the smaller rooms in which these two people had established themselves, seemed to have almost the appearance of an English court, of which they were the king and queen.

They were standing, and very close together. The man was a magnificent giant of a man, a little over forty, with a head of jet black curls, in a white Austrian uniform, rather highly-ornamented, with blue tights, which set off his handsome leg to perfection, and boots, fitting also close to his leg, and barely reaching to his calf: a splendid figure, but not such a splendid figure as that of the woman who stood behind him, and whose dress relieved his own so well,—a tall, extremely handsome woman, older than he, but very like him, dressed in a sweeping robe of ruby velvet, and wearing on her breast a large stomacher of opals. About her neck—as round and as well moulded as the youngest girl's in the room—she had a collar of pearls, and so stood for admiration, which she certainly got, with one well-formed arm hanging loosely upon her velvet, and the other passing affectionately behind her companion, and resting on the cornice behind him.

"Who were they?" some outsiders and foreigners asked, attracted by the sumptuous grace and beauty of the pair who seemed so sought after as their countrymen all of a sudden. "The Princess of Castelnuovo, and her nephew Colonel Silcote, of the Austrian service. Her late husband was an Italian rene—a thousand pardons." "And who is that exquisitely pretty little English girl, in light blue satin, who seems to be under the protection of Madame the Princess?" "That is the niece of the Princess, Miss Silcote of Silcotes, the great heiress." To such effect spoke the foreigners. The English conversation of three gentlemen ran somewhat in this way.

These three men had got into a corner together accidentally; and were three rather remarkable-looking men, though quite young. The tallest of the three was a rather pale man, with dark hair and very prominent features; the next in height was pale also, but very handsome. Both of these men looked some ten years older than they were, and spoke in a low and deliberate voice,

like men who had been in some way tamed. The third of the group, who always touched the second, was stone blind. The first man was Charles Ravenshoe, the second Austin Elliot, and the third Lord Edward Barty. Charles Ravenshoe had met the other two here, and they were talking together of many things, and lastly of the Princess and her nephew.

"Who are these people, Ravenshoe?" said Austin Elliot, with a ghost of his bright old smile, "and why are they holding a court within a court like this? What the dickens are we doing in this room? Why are *you* here, sir? Eh?"

"Why are you?" said Charles, laughing. "For much the same reason as the rest of us. Because we feel guilty on the subject of politics, and wish to have the countenance of two celebrated Austrian sympathisers."

"Well, I suppose so. But, once more, who are these people?"

Lord Edward interposed. "They are most remarkable people. I wish I could see the woman."

"Why?" asked Charles Ravenshoe.

"Because she is a wonderful woman. I have been listening to her conversation, and there is an inconsecutive vacuous fatuity about it which has both astonished and interested me. What powers of lying that woman must have, with that false unmarked voice, and that false laugh! The woman laughs carefully in fifths. Don't she show her teeth when she laughs? And are they not fine teeth?"

They said, "Yes."

"A good guess for a man who has never looked on the light of heaven. Let me try another. She has either made mischief or will make it,—inconceivable mischief. Yet I should get to like her if I knew her. I think I should have guessed that her appearance was splendid even if I had not heard every one saying so around me. What is she like, Austin? You know what I mean, though I never could get music into your head."

"Like a solemn anthem of Purcell or Boyce."

"Tut! Tut! Like 'Pop goes the Weasel.' Charles Ravenshoe's wife would have made a better hit than that. False music there, but a kind woman. A little cracked melody, and no harmony."

"What do you think of the man?" asked Austin Elliot, looking at Charles Ravenshoe.

"Marseillais," answered Lord Edward, shortly. "Knows how to die, but don't know how to live. Who is this little girl who is talking with them, evidently chaperoned by the Princess? A little girl, pretty I hear them say; weasel-faced, as I should guess, with a soprano voice. Might sing up to C in alto if her voice lasted, which it won't. Who is she?"

"The Princess's niece. The great heiress, Miss Silcote."

"Heaven help her husband," said the blind man. "What a fine mess she and her aunt will make with some one before they have done. Austin! Austin! where are you? I cannot feel you in the dark, and something evil is touching me."

Austin Elliot caught him by the arm at once, and apologised to a square-faced, powerfully-built gentleman in a court dress, who had accidentally touched Lord Edward's elbow. "Monsieur," he exclaimed in French, "was blind, and was apt to be nervous at the touch of a stranger."

Lord Edward Barty struck in at once in the same language. "Monsieur is not nervous. But Monsieur knows many more things than people who have their sight."

The courteous stranger passed to the rear of them, and Austin Elliot took Lord Edward Barty to task.

"My dear Edward, you were very rude to that man."

"I don't care," said Lord Edward. "I won't have *canaille* come near me. I live among and love working folks, but I will have no *canaille* about me."

"But how can you tell that he was of the *canaille*?"

"By his touch, you blind man, if by nothing else. By his apologetic shuffling touch: but you cannot understand that."

Then by his *smell*; perhaps you can understand *that*."

"My dear Edward, you carry your fancies too far. Your beloved working-men don't smell too sweet on the one hand; and, speaking of your own order, the generation before yours seldom washed themselves."

"I don't care," said Lord Edward. "I only assert that never since the Norman Conquest has any honest English nobleman, or honest English workman, contrived to smell of stale tobacco-smoke, brandy, and patchouli as that man did. But his touch, which you blind folks cannot in your darkness appreciate, was far worse than his smell. Austin, you can tell Ravenshoe that I do not romance about my powers of touch. Now let us hear more of this wonderful pair, who seem, from the conversation I have heard, to be Juno and St. Michael at least."

"I can tell you all about them, except what I don't know," said Charles Ravenshoe; "they live close to my friend Hainault's place at Casterton. To begin with, they are all as mad as hatters."

"You begin to get interesting already," said Austin Elliot.

"Everybody knows everything about these Silcotes," continued Charles Ravenshoe; "but they have erected a theory in their family, that nobody does; or, if forced to allow that any one knows anything, that it is like his impudence. Old Silcote, the Squire of Silcotes, is an absolute and preposterous old Bedlamite, who ought to have been in Littlemoor long ago, but he has an excuse for being mad. His wife was going on in a sad manner in Italy, and he went and fetched her back; and, after he got her home, she tried to poison him, and he found it out. She died—about the best thing she could do; and he went mad—possibly a good thing for him. That Princess there, in the ruby velvet and opals, is his sister, the most transcendent fool in all Europe. She married a Prince Massimo of Castelnovo, who, in 1848, not only turned traitor in the most rascally manner to

the Italian cause, but went off with the young wife of one Count Aurelio Frangipanni, whom I know, and who, take him all in all, is one of the most perfect people in the world. That Princess there and her young husband lived a cat-and-dog life together over this business, until he died; after which she sainted him, kept in mourning for him, spooned over him, and spoons over him to this day. She is a fearful humbug, that woman. Well, in consequence of this attempted poisoning business, and possibly other things, old Silcote refused to recognise her son, now developed into a Puseyite parson, and put that curly-pated, empty-headed bully, Colonel Silcote, on the throne of the Silcotes. But the curly-headed bully would not do. He was allowed a thousand year, and spent six. He owed ten thousand pounds, and would only confess to three. He was asked to leave the women alone, and he promised that he would, and bolted with a ballet-dancer the week after. He would not do at any rate whatever; the more so as it was perfectly evident that he had contracted a marriage which was binding on him, and, rascal as he was, that he was not inclined to incur any of the penalties for bigamy.

"Old Silcote now put the Silcote crown on the head of his second son by his second wife, who, as I am informed by Miss Raylock, refused it with scorn. If that is the case," said Charles Ravenshoe, "it is the only good I ever heard of him. He is an utterly narrow-minded prig, of the worst Oxford model."

"The stamp of man who rusticated you, for instance," said Austin Elliot.

"Your remark," said Charles Ravenshoe, "is not only coarse and impertinent, but also falls wide of the mark. I am trying to enlarge your little mind, narrowed into smaller limits than even its natural ones, by your worship of this new gospel of Free Trade and Cobdenism, and you interrupt me with personalities. I wish to tell you about these Silcotes."

"You can't deny that you set the

College on fire, and aimed fourpenny rockets at the Dean's window. It was entirely owing to your evil guidance that that quiet creature Ascot got sent down, you old sinner!" replied Austin Elliot.

"Don't chaff, you two, or at least wait till we get home," said Lord Edward. "I am bored here, and I want to hear more about these Silcotes. That Charles is an old ruffian we all know; we will get more of his confessions out of him, and tell Eleanor if he don't go on."

"Well, then," said Charles Ravenshoe, with a broad smile telling sadly of the old Adam spreading over his features, "I will. This Miss Silcote, the pretty little girl who stands there: shall we have her over the coals? She is not *Miss* Silcote at all, but Miss Anne Silcote. The real Miss Silcote is a Dora Silcote, daughter of the Puseyite parson, who is under a cloud with his father. The real Miss Silcote is most charming, good, and sensible; this Miss Anne Silcote is a vixen. They can't do anything with her at all."

"Is she the daughter of the man who rusticated you?" asked Lord Edward.

"Of Arthur, I suppose you mean. No, she is not the prig's daughter, and he had nothing to do with my rustication; which seems the only one of my good deeds which my friends appear inclined to remember. She is the daughter of another son, who died. Arthur of Balliol is not married. He tried to train a girl to suit his imperial taste, and she nearly met his views. But when, after a year or so, he had brought his powerful mind to bear on the fact that she hadn't got any money, he pitched her overboard; and she, on her part, cut him effectually. Immediately after which she came into eight thousand a year, and turned Papist."

"Bravo!" said Lord Edward.

"This Silcote property is actually enormous. Hainault, a very safe man, and a neighbour of Silcote's—from that reason knowing probably more of his affairs than the idiotic old Bedlamite does himself—puts it at between forty and

fifty thousand a year. Now it seems very likely that a considerable number of noses will be put out of joint when he dies. His eldest son and his eldest son's children he is not likely to recognise. That bully of an Austrian colonel standing there before you has tired his patience out by his dissipation and extravagance; Arthur of Balliol has rejected the crown, and has systematically bullied and insulted him: he has an awful tongue, this Arthur. The Oxford fellows who were——"

"Rusticated for setting the College on fire," suggested Austin Elliot.

"I shall have to do violence to this man," said Charles Ravenshoe; "I shall have to fight a duel with this fellow."

There was such a sharp sudden spasm in Austin Elliot's face as he said this that Charles Ravenshoe hurried on, cursing inwardly his wandering tongue.

"I shall have to beat this Elliot here, you know, Lord Edward, or tell his wife about his impudence, or something of that sort: I know I shall. I resume the conversation where he so impertinently interrupted it. This Silcote of Balliol has an inexorably cruel tongue; I know something of what a don's tongue may get to by constant practice. I ought to, if any man ever did. It was said of me once that I went into Collections in my usual health, and came out looking ten years older, and so grey, that I had to send to Spiers for hair-dye. There was a nucleus of truth in that, though a small one. But they say that there was never such a tongue as his. And old Ray—I mean my informant—says that he has used his tongue on his father so long, that the old fool has shown some glimmerings of reason, and got sick of it. So that the money won't go in *that* direction. We perfectly well know, however, in which direction it will go. The old fellow, having nothing to do except to swear at his grooms and thrash his dogs, found a new amusement. There was a certain old school in London, St. Mary's Hospital, and he, as a governor of it, taking up with Arthur's 'Young Oxford' notions,

got it moved into the country, and made a bankrupt old blackguard, one Betts, treasurer of it, Arthur head-master, and went so far in his iniquitous jobbery as to make his disowned son Algernon second master, as a cheap provision for him. And now what has he done to crown all? Why, picked out the brightest and best-looking of the boys in that school, and made him his heir."

I suppose that that is the sort of account which will be given of *your* affairs, my dear reader, even in the hands of such a kind and gentle being as Charles Ravenshoe, if you persistently decline to face the world, and make ridiculous mysteries about them, as did Silcote. And I only hope that you may get off so easily, but I doubt it.

A Frenchman had been standing close to Lord Edward Barty all this time, and actually touching him, but Lord Edward had not objected either to his touch or his smell. He was known to both Ravenshoe and Elliot familiarly, and when Charles Ravenshoe had done he nodded his head three times, and said,—

"These histories of families are very charming, but, I think, dull. The history of my own family would be very interesting, but also, I fear, dull; save in those portions of it which concern myself. I have listened attentively to my friend Ravenshoe. I understand English perfectly, and have gathered only the idea that the Princess of Castelnovo yonder was concerned in the poisoning of Ravenshoe's aunt, and that his grandfather had left his whole estate to a boy from the Lycée. These family histories are only tolerable and interesting in novels. I came in here because I was tired of the continual *hauteur* of the Austrians, whom we are shortly going to tie up in a bag and send northward; and since I have been in here I have seen more than you, my Ravenshoe."

"What have you seen?"

"While you have been talking of this Princess, of the bread and butter she ate as a child, of the milk and water she slopped on the floor in her early youth,

I have been watching her face. And she has seen the devil."

"By Jove, she looks as if she had," said Charles.

"Can you tell," said the Frenchman in a whisper, "the direction of eyes? While you were telling your stupid old story I was watching her eyes, and I saw that she saw the devil. Now in this corner, now in that. Which way are her eyes now?"

"Why, they are straight towards us."

"Then the devil must be close behind us, unless we are the devil, a theory which will not stand argument. Thou art no devil, my old fooliah Balacava dragoon, and I am only a devil among the ladies; not in practice, it is only a tradition of your nation about ours. Turn, then, and look at the devil behind us, who has so paled the Princess in the ruby velvet and opals. What makes your blind friend impatient? But there is a smell as of a billiard-marker."

Charles and the Frenchman turned together. Behind them was the square-set gentleman in the English court dress before noticed. The Frenchman laughed and said, "Hah! my friend, art thou this side of the wall, then, this time? Don't cross the centre of the bridge of Buffalora; the arch has given way somewhat, and the bridge might give way, and you might fall in the water. Strike out for the north side if you do. There are Italians, and may be other *canaille*, on the other side. And how do you find *your* trade, my friend? It is a trade which always has paid somehow; and you look sleek enough."

The stout man seemed not over pleased at the recognition, and smiled constrainedly. The next moment he pushed his way between them, and advanced towards the Princess. She in turn advanced rapidly towards him, so that they met together somewhat apart from the other guests; and the Princess was able hurriedly to say, "To-morrow night on the ramparts, opposite the Kaiser Franz Gasthaus," before she led him smiling up to Colonel Silcote, and reminded him of his name, which was totally unnecessary.

Tom Silcote looked on him with anything but good favour. "You are a bold bird, Kriegsthum," he said in English. "Have you squared with the Government?"

"I am in the employ of his Imperial Majesty, colonel. But my name is Schnitz, if I might be allowed to suggest such a trifle."

"All right," said Tom Silcote. "Do you know, there being no one listening at this moment, not even my aunt, that you are, in my humble opinion, barely wise in being here, now that you have declared yourself so very positively on our side. I wish you nothing but well, as you know, but I think you are indiscreet. I have seen faces about Vienna lately which looked sadly like the old Democratic Committee business. One word is as good as a dozen to a man like you."

"I only ask for one word. Have you seen any one you have ever seen before? Only the one word. Not another, on my honour."

"You shall have it on my honour. Yes."

Kriegsthum still looked pleadingly in Tom Silcote's face, and Tom Silcote answered,—

"Couldn't do it, old fellow. Not even for you."

"Not the first letter, colonel?"

"No. Decency! decency! If I had intended to denounce, I should have done so. You go home early, and keep in the middle of the street. That is all the advice I can give you at present. You have made a great mistake in being here, and declaring yourself so decidedly on the Tedeschi side. You will not be safe from assassination even in London now. Remember the Waterloo Bridge business."

"One word, colonel. Have you seen more than one?"

"I am compromising myself; the English are unpopular here, and I have not done much to aid our popularity. Well then, yes. More than one, by my observation. More than three dozen, most likely. Are you losing your brain and your nerve, that you ask me such a question? Do you not know,—you, one

of the shiftiest conspirators in Europe,—that there is the nucleus of a Democratic Committee in every Hungarian regiment? You must have gone mad, old fellow, before you came here at all. Why the deuce didn't you stay in England? Where is my aunt?"

"She is talking with that long-nosed young booby, Ravenshoe. Time is precious, colonel. I came here to see how things were going, and I wish that I had stayed where I was. I have made a mistake. England is the only place for a conspirator. I say I wish I had stayed where I was. Well, so I do, for some reasons, not for others. You ask me why I came here, and I will honestly tell you: because it is the most dangerous place I could have come to. The dear old fun of conspiracy is so dear to me, that I actually broke with the democratic connexion, and with the Italian and Hungarian connexion, for the mere fun of doing it, of coming here, and declaring for the Tedeschi."

"You will be murdered," said Tom Silcote.

"By whom?"

"By the democrats. Look at Orsini."

"He be blown. *He* is well out of the way, and all his lot. I never encouraged *him*."

"You did not stop him as you could have done."

"In our trade we never stop any one, we only warn. I warned him, he insulted me, and called me spy; and I let him go."

"At the risk of the French Emperor's life. My dear friend, there is such a thing as morality."

"So they say," retorted Kriegsthum. "I suppose there is. But we can't recognise it in our trade, you know."

"I suppose not," said Tom Silcote.

"A few words more, colonel," said Kriegsthum. "You are terribly in debt, are you not?"

"Pretty well."

"Aunt's fortune pretty near gone with it, I fear?"

"I don't know. She gives me plenty of money, and never grumbles."



"I do, though. And I'll tell you. Your aunt has not got above ten thousand pounds left in money to bless herself with; and you'll soon get through that, you know. But she loves you beyond everything in this world. You allow that?"

"Dear old girl! She does. And I love her, Master Conspirator, as dearly as she loves me."

"Does you credit," said Kriegsthum. "When you, loving her as you do, have finished up her money, you will have to begin on her jewels. And she has sixty thousand pounds' worth of them. You are awfully fond of one another, and love one another to distraction. How long would that love last if you were to ask her to sell one of her jewels for you?"

"Kriegsthum, you are the devil."

"Very near it, I will allow, thank you. You know your aunt, and your aunt's intellect. She loves you, but she would see you in Newgate sooner than part with a single opal or a single yard of lace. I suppose, also, that you know by this time her inexorable obstinacy. Is what I have been stating the truth or is it not?"

"Go away, Aunt. Politics!" said Tom Silcote. And the poor Princess, who was coming to them, went away again and talked to Lord Edward Barty, who afterwards remarked to Austin Elliot that the woman smelt well, and that in ordinary conversation her voice was by no means objectionable.

"I will allow to you," said Tom Silcote, "that all which you say about my aunt is perfectly true. Kriegsthum, let us be plain. You are a great rascal, I fear; but you have a way of inviting confidence which I never saw equalled. I can understand your power among these Nationalists and Democrats."

Kriegsthum laughed.

"I believe that my aunt loves me better than any human being, but yet I know that she would die of starvation, and see me die at her side, sooner than part with one of her gewgaws. Why?"

"Because she is as mad as a March hare," answered Kriegsthum. "You

Silcotes, one and all of you, have just stopped on the verge of madness, and even she has not *legally* overstepped it. There are many such families; and they are generally, I should say almost always, brilliant and successful. It has not been the case in your family, I allow, because you seem to have arrived at that average when you are both too sane and too mad for success. All that is the matter with your aunt is, that she is the fool of the family; the maddest of the whole lot. Just look at her, will you? Look at her frantic extravagance in dress, and look at her curious investment in jewels. No one ever saw before such a quaint combination of extravagance and prudence. Of money—and, indeed, of money's worth—she knows little or nothing; but she understands jewels, and her hoarding instinct takes the form of jewels. Her human instincts take the form of sainting her late husband (as bad a rogue as me) and loving you. But she would see you in Newgate before she would sell a diamond for you, and you know it."

"Well, leave my aunt alone."

"For the present," said Kriegsthum. "She is mad, and I have made a mint of money out of her folly. Such men as you and I, colonel, needn't mince matters together. We know too much for that. What I am driving at, as a practical man, is this. *She* will spend cash on you till it is all gone; but then?"

"I have my profession, and my position as an Austrian colonel."

"Oh if you swells would only speak out! Just once in a way for change."

"Well, then, I confess that, if I was reduced to my pay, I should have to live closer than I should like."

"*Pre-cisely*. Now, to prove that I am more of a business man than yourself, what will you stand, if, through my instrumentality, you were installed as master of Silcotes, with forty thousand a year?"

"I think," said reckless Tom, "that I would stand a thousand a year."

"Good! That is what you would stand. Now what would you stick at—murder?"

"I should stick at murder, decidedly. In fact, if you will gather the impudence to repeat the proposition, I will kick you out of the room, as a general measure, not in the least regarding consequences. I confess myself an ass—my life has proved it; and I know you to be a great rascal—your life has proved it. And again to turn the proposition over, I am little better than a rascal, and you most assuredly are an ass, to have hinted such a thing to me."

"Who is the ass?" said Kriegsthum scornfully. "There are but two of us here talking together, and one of us is an ass, and it is not myself. You speak to me as though I proposed murder. I did nothing of the kind. I asked you only whether you would stick at murder to gain Silcotes. Would you? I do not believe that you would. See here, colonel. I am getting old, and shall some day, when my vitality is less, get tired of the old political conspiracies. And they *lead* to nothing; at least to nothing I care about. I shall want a new sphere for my talents. If I can get you Silcotes, will you give me a thousand a year?"

"I should like Silcotes well enough," answered the colonel, "but it is beyond your power. And, after this singular escapade of yours in coming to Vienna and declaring for us, you are safe nowhere."

"I will bet you," said Kriegsthum, "that I am back in London in six months, with the full confidence of the whole National and Democratic parties in Europe, if you like, in spite of my present indiscretion and declaration. You don't know what fools those continental Democrats are."

"Well, walk in the middle of the street while you are here. As for Silcotes, if you can ever show me that you got me Silcotes, you shall have your thousand a year off the rent roll. But we are going to fight; and—who knows?"

"You are going to fight, colonel, and are going to get beat. You will have had soldiering enough after this bout."

"Going to get beat, hey," thought Colonel Silcote. "If you ever spoke the truth in your life, you spoke it then."

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

## THE RAMPARTS.

It was a very calm spring night, and the ramparts were very quiet. The scent which came from the fast subsiding Danube, was no longer the coarse rough smell of mud, but the oxygenated scent of fresh springing vegetation. Nature was hastening to repair the damage of her winter's ill-temper; but certain tramlings of sentries and guards more numerous than usual, and more than those, the low, growling rumble of the waggons of the military train already creeping southward, showed clearly enough, to those who had ears which could understand sounds, that man was about to begin his career of destruction as soon as nature was peaceful enough to allow him.

It was a wide rampart, from which you saw a plain, and beyond, very quiet peaceful hills: a very quiet and peaceful wind came quietly from those hills across the river, and raised a few whispers in the trees upon the rampart. The country there is not a cruel country. Nature is more than half kind; it is only plagued by kings and dynasties. The people are a quiet, law-fearing people enough, coming of a good stock; and the land is a better land than one-half the United States or nine-tenths of Australia. But they are plagued by dynastic traditions, and so it is an uneasy land, and a land almost as ill to live in, for all its beauty, as Calabria with its constantly recurring earthquakes.

However, at this time of night the Emperor was asleep or dancing, and the gentle wind came peacefully and kindly from the hills beyond the river. It said nothing of the things which it had seen there, of the students who had defended that very place in 1849; nothing of the entrance of gaudy honest Jellachich; nothing of the midnight fusillades which followed it. It had never known, or it had forgotten. It merely wandered like a gentle hand over the face of our old friend the Princess, and said quietly, "Peace!"

And she heard it : low as her instincts were, she heard that. The world and her life had always been to her an ugly great confusion, which she felt, more by instinct than by reason, that she could not set right—a confusion of hopelessly tangled iron cordage, with here and there a silver wire. She had always seized the end of these silver wires, and with weak hands, but with the obstinacy of a mule, had tried to unravel them from the mass of inexorable iron cordage which was too strong for her. In other words, she was a feeble, almost silly, woman who had been educated by washy Continental politicians of a certain school not entirely unrepresented in our model country, until she believed that intrigue was strength. "Leave my aunt alone," said Colonel Silcote. Well, we will, when we have done with her. We must notice these things, however. She never knew what she was going to do next. There were two or three things in this world which she wanted done, and would fight to the death to get done. Beyond these things she had no policy whatever except this—opposition : the putting of spokes in all kinds of wheels which seemed to be turning, for fear the circle should not come round in the way in which she wished it. Not having any intellect, and knowing it ; only wishing for a few things, and knowing that also, her policy was obstructive. She denied everything to which she did not see her way, and only admitted the facts which would serve her small purposes provisionally.

The poor fool had been a child once, and was getting oldish and childish again now. She had always been blindly striving against some things she understood, and others which she did not, but only dreaded because she could not understand. She had striven, for instance, with the utmost persistency, in the saving of her own character, and had saved it : had spent her cash (while she hoarded her jewels) for Colonel Silcote ; and had striven blindly and persistently against all strangers, and all strange ideas, lest the fact that she was the proximate cause of the ruin of her

brother's life should in any way become known to her brother.

She had been always blindly restless, and now she began to want peace and oblivion—an escape from all this miserable confusion which was getting deeper confounded on her day by day. Her case was very pitiable. Thirty years or more of her life had been framed more or less on a frightful lie, the full iniquity of which she had only learnt recently. She had spent the most of her money. Her terror of her brother's learning the truth was as strong as ever ; and she desired peace—desired to escape the consequences of her own folly.

Some escape and some do not. Half-witted woman as she was, she had brains enough to see that some people, in this world at least, escape from the consequences of their own actions. She hoped she might be one of those lucky people, and she prayed for it. The Popish form of Christian faith began to have great attractions for her, as it had had for Miss Lee under very different circumstances. They promised peace, and she wanted peace. She had prestige and position as the principal Protestant lady in Vienna. But the Jesuits promised her greater things ; and the Jesuits are good paymasters. They give what they promise. They give peace to fools.

She wanted peace. She had been fearfully indiscreet with Sir Godfrey Mallory, in the very old times, and she had allowed Kriegsthum to blind her brother, of whom she was terribly afraid, by innuendoes against Silcote's own wife. I have done my business badly, if you have not understood this before. This was a terrible crime. Poor, gentle, good Mrs. Silcote would have died from this accusation alone if it had been ever made to her. But she died a perfectly puzzled woman, entirely without knowledge or suspicion of evil. She had been very carefully brought up, and the idea of unfaithfulness to her husband was one which she never could have understood. And our crazy old Squire, the same dim suspicion of unfaithfulness had maddened him (as

far as he could be maddened) at once. It was inconceivable to him, as it is to us, and as it was to Mrs. Thomas, when he told her of it. But he believed it—it was so well put.

By whom? By Kriegsthum, a man who knew the art of conspiracy. The Princess had trusted the whole business to his management; he was a thorough-going man, and she paid him well, and he went a little beyond his instructions.

His excuse to the Princess of Castelnovo was this: that his instructions were vague, and that he had to act on his private judgment; that something stronger was wanted to counteract Silcote's uxoriousness to his wife than mere vague accusations; that he took stronger measures.

She had always dreaded to ask him what he had done after she saw the terrible consequences of it. But a short time before, he, for the purpose of showing her how deeply they were committed together, had told her the whole wicked story, and she had fled from him in terror.

Oh that he were dead, or that she

were dead! She was a kind, a very kind, woman in her way. The distress of others was unbearable to her. And now that she had at last realized what had really been done through her means her terror and distress were extreme. To-night, in this quiet place, for the first time since she had known everything, she had got into a softer and gentler mood. After a few turns up and down, she bent her head down upon the parapet, and wept long and bitterly.

The gentle wind blowing over the graves of the piled thousands of slain at Aspern told of peace and rest in quiet country churchyards, where the dead keep one another solemn company through low whisperings of the summer night. How calm all those dead lay out there at Aspern, Austrian and Frenchmen!

Her quiet and gentle meditations were interrupted, and her face grew hard, and potentially wicked again. Kriegsthum stood beside her.

*To be continued.*

## A HARD DAY'S WORK.

BY PROFESSOR HEATON.

OF all hard daily workers the heart and lungs are the most persevering. From day to day, from youth to old age, they toil away with scarcely a moment's intermission, and, gentle and almost imperceptible as their labours appear, the amount they get through is something enormous. The heart is a most powerful pump, throwing out at every beat five or six ounces of blood. In twenty-four hours it pumps out in this way a quantity which is estimated at from fourteen to nineteen tons, and the force which it exerts in doing so would be sufficient to raise fourteen sacks of coals to the top of the Monument!

The lungs too, the bellows of the animal machine, although they do not

do more than one-tenth of the work the heart accomplishes, contribute very materially to the total. Other kinds of work are also being done in the body, the amount of which we are not yet able to estimate. Mental work, for instance, has been experimentally proved to be, in part at least, actual physical labour, exhausting the powers of the body as effectually, though not to so great an extent, as the more mechanical forms of labour. And, lastly, there is another kind of work, one which persons ignorant of science would not reckon as work at all, but which yet very greatly exceeds in quantity all the rest put together. This is the *heat-work*, the heat which the animal body is constantly producing, and which is abso-

lutely necessary to its well-being. The heat which a human being develops in a day varies exceedingly, and its amount has not been very accurately determined; but, for an adult in good health, and upon a moderate diet, we cannot be far wrong in estimating it as equal to the raising of five gallons and a half of water from freezing point to boiling point. Now the quantity of work which a definite amount of heat is capable of doing, is perfectly well known. The heat that would raise one pound of water one degree Fahrenheit, would, if it were employed in doing work, as it is in a steam-engine, raise one pound weight 772 feet—or, what is the same thing, 772 lbs. one foot. Measured by this standard, we find that the heat which would raise five gallons and a half of ice-cold water to boiling-point, would be enough to lift 3,412 tons one foot high; or, to put the fact in another form, to hoist 170 sacks of coals to the top of the Monument!

We can now classify, in a rude kind of manner, the chief varieties of work which are done in the body. It is not necessary for our present purpose to enumerate the less important kinds, and we therefore specify—

1. **HEAT WORK.**—This, we have seen, is the greatest in amount. It probably constitutes not less than four-fifths of the whole work of the body.

2. **INTERNAL WORK,** including, as the chief items, the action of the heart and lungs.

3. **EXTERNAL WORK.**—The actual mechanical labour, performed, for the most part, under the direction of the Will. Some kinds of external work cannot well be estimated, but, on the whole, we are able to make a fair approximation to the total amount.

4. **MENTAL WORK.**—as to the mechanical value of which we are still entirely in the dark, but which is probably inconsiderable in amount.

This classification, which is founded on one which has been adopted by Dr. Lyon Playfair, gives us a sufficiently correct idea of the different varieties of human labour. On one point, however,

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a little explanation is necessary. It may be asked, How can the multifarious kinds of work which men have to do be measured and referred to a fixed standard? The answer will be best given in the form of an illustration. A man who weighs 150 lbs. works for three hours and a half on the treadwheel. He constantly ascends, and although, from the revolution of the wheel, he remains where he was, the work he effects is the same as if he went up into the air. In three hours and a half he will have ascended 7,560 feet; and, at the end of the time, he will consequently have lifted the weight of his body (150 lbs.) 7,560 feet. Now, lifting 150 lbs. 7,560 feet is the same as raising 506 tons one foot, and we are therefore able to describe his work as 506 *foot-tons*. By a similar calculation, a man of 150 lbs., who ascends the Monument, performs a little more than twelve foot-tons of work; and as the labour of walking on level ground is about one-twentieth that of ascending in a straight line, his ascent is equal to a walk on level ground of about three-quarters of a mile.

Taking all kinds of work together, we may now assume that the force daily generated in the body of a healthy adult is equal as a minimum to 2,000, and as a maximum to 6,000, foot-tons. We will take the mean of these, or 4,000 foot-tons, as the average produced by a man doing average work. It is equal, to use our former illustration, to lifting twenty tons of coal to the top of the Monument every day.

Now, where does this enormous quantity of force come from? The man loses nothing in the performance of it, for he often remains the same, or even increases in weight, after months or years devoted to it. And it must have some source. *Ex nihilo nihil fit*, is undeniably true. It is obvious, at the first glance, that it is to the food eaten that the whole force must be due. The human body is no more a creator of force than a steam-engine is, and just as coals are burnt in the boiler-fire to supply the motive-power, so food is burnt in the body to

supply the muscular power. There is no doubt whatever of this; in fact, the proof of it is of the simplest possible kind. Suppose, instead of feeding a boiler-fire with coals, we fed it with dried bread, beef, and potatoes. The fire would burn, the water would boil, and the result would be that the wheels of the engine would revolve, and the usual amount of work be performed. If we were to take a man's daily rations and burn them in a boiler-fire, they would produce as much force as would be generated in a day in the body of the man. They would, in fact, produce a little more, because they would be more thoroughly burnt in the fire than they could be in the body. And we should be able to remark another point of similarity between the two cases. The force in each case would be given out in two forms—in the form of heat, and in the form of work. In the body indeed the work would bear a higher proportion to the heat than it did in the steam-engine, because the body works more economically; but that is a point of subordinate importance. It requires but little acquaintance with chemistry to understand the source of the force. It is the combination of the food with oxygen which causes the force of the body, just as it is the combination of coals with oxygen which is the motive-power of

the steam-engine. We ensure a supply of oxygen to the fire by keeping up a draught of air, and nature does the same for our bodies by compelling us to draw air unceasingly into our lungs. It is in the lungs that oxygen is absorbed into the blood, and it is in the blood that a great portion, if not the whole, of the combustion takes place.

Dr. Frankland has recently furnished us with a most valuable contribution to our knowledge of this subject. He has, by actual experiment, determined the force producible by the burning, as they are burnt in the body, of definite weights of different articles of food. In each case he ascertained the amount of heat produced by the burning of the substance, and from this it is easy, as we before remarked, to calculate the amount of work to which the heat is equivalent. The heat which would raise one pound of water from freezing to boiling point, is equal to about sixty-two foot-tons. The following table exhibits some of Dr. Frankland's results in a somewhat modified form. The first column of figures shows the weight of the substance which would yield the 4,000 foot-tons which we have taken to represent the normal day's work. Very small fractions of a pound have been omitted. The other columns give the price and cost of the articles.

AMOUNT AND COST OF ARTICLES REQUIRED TO PERFORM FOUR THOUSAND FOOT-TONS OF WORK IN THE BODY.

Name of Article.	Weight required.	Price per lb.	Cost.
		<i>s. d.</i>	<i>s. d.</i>
Cod-liver Oil . . . . .	1 lbs.	3 6	2 7½
Fat of Beef . . . . .	"	0 8	0 6
Butter . . . . .	"	1 4	1 2
Cheshire Cheese . . . . .	1½ "	0 10	1 3
Oatmeal . . . . .	1½ "	0 2½	0 4½
Arrowroot . . . . .	1½ "	1 0	1 7½
Isinglass . . . . .	1½ "	16 0	28 0
Lump Sugar . . . . .	1½ "	0 6	0 11½
Hard-boiled Egg . . . . .	2½ "	0 6½	1 5½
Bread . . . . .	3 "	0 2	0 6
Lean of Beef . . . . .	4½ "	0 10	3 9
Potatoes . . . . .	6½ "	0 1	0 6½
Milk . . . . .	4 quarts.	5d. per quart.	1 8
Cabbage . . . . .	15½ lbs.	0 1	1 3½



On examining this table we are struck first of all by the great value as force-producers of oily and fatty substances. Cod-liver oil and beef fat head the list, and butter is but little inferior. Less of these substances will yield the requisite force than of any others enumerated, and it is curious to observe that the fat of beef is in this respect equal to six times its weight of the lean. A great portion of this superiority is due to the large quantity of water which lean meat, as well as many of the other articles in the list, contains; but, even if the perfectly dry substances are compared, the advantage is still greatly in favour of the fat. Oatmeal is seen to be the most economical food in the list, whilst potatoes, though they cost less per pound, are considerably more expensive as a means of doing work. The high force-producing power of fat, which had been inferred long ago from its chemical composition, accounts for its great consumption in cold climates. We have all heard how the Esquimaux swallows pounds upon pounds of raw blubber, and concludes a meal which would make an English dog sick with a few pounds of candles by way of dessert. However little external work he does, he is compelled, by the coldness of the air around him, to do a great deal of heat-work, his heat being constantly plundered by the icy blast. Every pound of dry fat he eats produces as much heat in his body as would raise nine gallons of ice-cold water to the boiling-point. The same fact explains the efficacy of work in reducing the fat of the body. The body has the power of producing fat from its food and of storing it up, sometimes in very large quantities. If food be withheld, this superfluous fat soon disappears, being in fact burnt to do the work of the body. If, the food remaining the same, the work of the body be increased, a similar result follows, the stored-up fat having to provide for the extra work, and the extra heat which always accompanies it. In an oft-quoted case, a fat pig, which had been accidentally buried in his sty by a fall of earth, was found alive more than five months afterwards,

having in that time taken no nourishment but water which he had licked from the walls! But he had lost 120 lbs. in weight; he had, in fact, been living upon his own fat. In confirmation of this view, we may take every-day experience. Who ever saw a very fat postman, or labourer? They do too much work to be fat, but coachmen, and others whose work is not very laborious, frequently become so. The work which a heavy man does on the treadmill in three hours and a half is equal to that producible from about one ounce and a half of dry fat.

Hitherto we have taken but one view of the great food question. We have regarded food but as fuel—fuel added to the lamp of life, just as coals are shovelled into a furnace-fire. But the analogy between a human body and a fire, though it is accurate enough, only holds good up to a certain point, and at that point many most important lines of divergence begin. Some of these lie quite out of our province. We must not here speak of the soul, the "noble guest," which, dwelling for a while in its material tenement, keeps ever a sort of mastery over it, and controls some even of its merely physical operations, in a manner that amazes while it puzzles us. But of the operations of the body in its character of a vital organism we must not lose sight. The body is not a changeless mechanism like the steam-engine. No instant of its existence finds it the same as it was the instant before. It is taking birth and growing, it is decaying away and dying, in each second of its life. Every organ and structure of it, every fibre and cell, is informed with the mystery life, and lives, subject to the common life of the whole. We do not know what life is, and the more prudent among us do not dare to guess, but there are certain things about it which we may safely venture to assert. Whatever it be, it is certainly no creator of matter or force. All the matter of the body is matter identical with that which we find in inorganic nature, and all its force is identical with that which comes from the sun as heat, or which holds the stars in their courses

as gravitation. The operations of the body, both internal and external, are operations of chemical and physical force, and all that there is peculiar in organic life arises from the conditions under which force is exerted.

Bearing these truths in mind, we will proceed to study a little more closely the mode in which food is disposed of in the body. In the mouth it is masticated, in the stomach it is digested, in the absorbent system it is elaborated, and finally, after many highly complex processes, it is poured into the blood. Of some of these processes we know a little, though only a little, but of the final process by which the now liquid food changes into that most wonderful of liquids, the blood, we know next to nothing. That it *does* change is certain, and accordingly we next find the food as a clear yellow liquid in which float myriads of tiny red globules. This is the blood. The globules have the power of combining with the oxygen which they meet in the passage of the blood through the lungs, and also of imparting that oxygen to any substances whose affinity for it is sufficiently active. Hence incessant oxidation is going on in the blood throughout the whole of its course. A great portion of the food is oxidized in this way, and it is here—in the blood—that the heat of the body is developed. The blood-vessels are the furnace of the body, the blood furnishing at the same time the fuel and the oxygen.

Even in the blood, however, the food does not come to the end of its work: all the tissues of the body, all its bones, muscles, and nerves, are undergoing, as we have before remarked, incessant decomposition and destruction. This is a continuous process, which appears to go on at all times, whether the part or organ be working or not. It is not yet quite certain whether the active working of a tissue does or does not affect the rate at which it decomposes; but, at present, the probability seems to be that it does not make much difference. As the tissue disintegrates it loses its vital character, becomes oxidized, and is removed from the body, partly in the

form of gas, through the lungs and skin, and partly in the form of liquid, through the kidneys. It has long been a debated question whether the tissues combine directly with oxygen, or whether they are first decomposed into simpler substances—these being carried into the blood and there oxidized. The latter we believe to be the more probable view; but whichever be accepted, there can be no doubt that the tissues are oxidized, and that the oxidized products are removed from the body through the agency of the blood. To compensate for this waste, a constant supply of new material is needed for the repair of the tissues; and this supply is drawn from the blood, and so ultimately from the food. This fresh nutritive material passes through the walls of the minute blood-vessels called *capillaries*, which permeate every organ of the body into the substance of the tissues, and is there quickly converted into fresh living tissue. The life of a muscle—to take one tissue for illustration—may be compared to a pile of bricks, which one party of boys is employed in pulling down, brick by brick, while, as each brick is removed, another boy fills up its place with a new one. The form, weight, and composition of the pile remains unaltered, but its materials change every minute.

The next point to be considered is the composition of the nutritive material which is drawn by the tissues from the blood, and which, therefore, it is evident, must be supplied by the food. We will confine ourselves to muscular tissue, as being the one best understood. Its chief components are fibrin and albumin, or rather substances which we agree to call by those names, for the former at any rate is not quite identical with the fibrin found elsewhere. Without entering into the details of their composition, we may say that they are very similar, and that they both contain about fifteen per cent. of nitrogen. The blood likewise contains fibrin and albumin, and the food which renews the blood always consists in part of the same substances, or of others very similar to them. In some cases, indeed, as when flesh is eaten, the food is almost

identical with the muscle which is to be renewed. Those constituents of food which are necessary for the repair of muscular tissue are distinguished as the "flesh-formers," and they are found in greater or less amount in most animal and vegetable articles of food. Fat, starch, and sugar are the chief kinds of food which contain no nitrogen, and therefore, of course, no flesh-formers. These and similar substances were named by Liebig the "respiratory elements of food," because they were entirely burnt in the body without being first converted into living tissue. To the above sketch of the process of muscle-nutrition, one qualification must be added. It must not be supposed that, because albumin and fibrin are present alike in food, blood, and muscle, these substances pass unchanged through the body until they arrive at, and are incorporated with, the muscle. On the contrary, it is certain that, during the process of digestion, both substances are changed in a remarkable manner, and only return to something like their former state a little before they pass into the blood. Another flesh-former too, casein, which constitutes the curd of milk, and is found in many vegetables, does not exist in blood or flesh; and we therefore see that when an animal lives upon milk, its tissues are repaired by a substance quite dissimilar in nature. In like manner we must not assume that the fibrin of muscle is exclusively derived from the fibrin of blood, or the albumin from the albumin of blood. Our knowledge would not by any means justify such assumptions.

We are now in a position to make some inferences as to the nature of the food which a hard day's work requires. The first is the following:—

*It is absolutely necessary for healthy life that the food shall contain enough flesh-formers to repair the daily waste of the tissues.*

Let us suppose that this exact quantity of flesh-formers has been consumed. It will soon be converted into tissue, and a corresponding quantity of tissue (assuming that the weight of the body remains the same) will be oxidized.

Now this oxidation of tissue will yield, as all oxidation does yield, a certain amount of force, and, if this force were sufficient to do the 4,000 foot-tons of work which we have taken as our standard, no other food would be necessary. But it is utterly insufficient for this purpose, and it is therefore necessary to supplement the flesh-forming food with other food to make up the requisite force. All this extra food will be oxidized in the blood in the manner we have already described, and, provided it be wholesome and easily digested, it does not much matter what it consists of. It may consist of flesh-formers, or respiratory materials, or a mixture of both; but as the latter are more economical they are to be preferred. This new fact we will put in the form of a second axiom:—

*The total food of a day must always be equal to the production of the force exerted in the body in the day. This involves a considerable addition to the flesh-forming food.*

So far our course has been straightforward enough, but we are now about to plunge into a region of debate, in which we must proceed with much caution. We have tacitly assumed hitherto that as all oxidation in the body produced force, so all kinds of oxidation were capable of producing the same kinds of work, namely some heat-work and some mechanical work. But this has, until lately, been almost universally disbelieved, and even now the opponents to the view are numerous and intelligent. The doctrine generally accepted until the month of June 1866, may be shortly stated in the following manner:—

Muscular tissues are oxidized in their own substance, and not in the blood. Oxygen passes out from the capillaries to the muscle-fibres, and combines with those which have completed their term of life. In doing so, force is liberated, and this force is mainly expended in producing muscular contraction—in doing work, in short. Oxidation of respiratory and other materials is constantly going on in the blood, but this produces only heat, and cannot possibly

be the cause of muscular movement. The distinction between the two different kinds of oxidation is therefore very clearly defined:—Tissue-oxidation is the cause of work; blood-oxidation is the cause of heat. The hypothesis does not deny that a portion of the force of muscular oxidation is given out as heat, it only denies that blood oxidation produces any work.<sup>1</sup>

Now this hypothesis, although beautifully clear and simple, involves at least two assumptions, one of which is more than doubtful, while the other has been almost demonstrated to be untrue. In the first place it supposes that there are two kinds of oxidation—one inside the blood-vessels, the other outside, in the substance of the tissues; for, if all the oxidation is effected in the blood, it is hard to understand how the oxidation of one substance can be able to produce contraction in fibres which are not in contact with it, while the oxidation of another similar compound is only able to produce heat. But on chemical grounds it is highly improbable that oxygen should leave its chemical combination in the blood-globules, pass through, without combining with, the highly oxidizable materials of the blood, and only exert its force when it comes into contact with some comparatively distant muscle-fibre. We seem therefore driven to the conclusion that oxidation is mainly carried on in the blood, and therefore that all oxidation in the body may be a source of mechanical work.

But another more important assumption remains to be considered. It is of course obvious that, if the view we are stating be correct, the amount of muscle oxidized in a certain time must at least be sufficient to account for the work done in the time. Now Dr. Frankland, in the valuable research to which we have already alluded, has determined the exact quantity of force which a certain weight of dry muscle is capable of producing during its oxidation. He finds that the combustion, as it is burnt in the body, of one ounce of dry muscle gives a force equal to 169 foot-tons. If the whole of this force were expended in doing work—in contracting the

muscles, for instance—that, and that only, is the amount of work it could do. How then can we ascertain the quantity of muscle which is oxidized in the body during a given time? The answer is simpler than we might have expected. When muscle, or any substance analogous to it in composition, is burnt in the body, the whole of its nitrogen leaves the body through the kidneys. This nitrogen constitutes, as we have already seen, 15 per cent. of the weight of the muscle, so that we have only to ascertain the weight of the nitrogen excreted in this way during a certain period, and we have a measure of the quantity of muscle which may have been oxidized in the time. Every 15 grains of nitrogen will represent 100 grains of dry muscle. Some of the nitrogen, it is true, may have proceeded from the oxidation of other substances besides muscle, so that we cannot tell the precise amount of muscle which has disappeared; but we do know that it *cannot be more* than the quantity thus indicated.

Armed with these data, we shall be able to understand the full importance of an experiment recently made by two Swiss professors, Fick and Wislicenus. Determined to settle this curious question, they set out one fine morning to walk up the Faulhorn, a neighbouring mountain 6,417 feet high, having previously weighed themselves with their clothes and accoutrements. Until after the ascent, and for sixteen hours previous to its commencement, they abstained carefully from all food containing nitrogen, confining themselves, indeed, to starch-cakes fried in fat, and very sweet tea. They ascertained with great care the amount of nitrogen excreted during the work, and from that calculated, in the manner we have described, the extreme quantity of muscle which could have been oxidized. It amounted to just about an ounce and a third. The oxidation of this quantity could, according to Frankland, only yield 220 foot-tons of work; and, if the older hypothesis be correct, the work done, they argued, must not be greater than this. But what was the fact? Multiplying the weights of their bodies by the height of

the mountain, and allowing for the force exerted during the time by the heart and lungs, they found that the work actually accomplished was the following:—

Fick . . . . . 515 foot-tons.  
Wislicenus . . . 595 "

In other words, the work done was more than double the amount which could have been due to muscle-oxidation. It has since been asserted that the nitrogen was not collected for a sufficiently long period of time; but, on the other hand, we know by other researches that at least one-half of the work produced to contract the muscles is dissipated as heat, and we have therefore to double even the high figures which represent the work done.

It seems therefore to be demonstrated that, at any rate, *all* the force of the muscles is not supplied by their own oxidation, and that therefore the theory which accounts for that force exclusively in this way is no longer tenable. The oxidation of non-nitrogenous substances, such as fat, starch, and sugar, must contribute something not only to our daily warmth, but also to our daily labour; and the knowledge of this fact must needs exercise a most important influence upon our ideas of food. Until further experiments are made, it is hardly safe to speculate much upon the matter, but we cannot refrain from pointing out one inference which may be expected to follow the establishment of the new view. At the present time it is generally believed that, if a man's

daily work is increased, it is necessary for his continued health that the quantity of flesh-formers in his food shall be increased in proportion. It is obvious that, if his muscles are burning away in the performance of their work, they will need more renewal the more work is done. Accordingly Playfair reckons that, whereas two ounces of flesh-formers a day are sufficient for bare subsistence when no work is done, four, five and a half, or even six and a half ounces may be necessary for the accomplishment of different amounts of work. But if increased work does not notably increase the waste of the muscles, then it appears probable that a certain definite quantity of flesh-formers is necessary for each individual; and that, if that quantity were once determined, it might be taken as the permanent basis of that individual's dietary, but little increase being necessary even with a greatly-increased work. Dr. Edward Smith states that, on the average, adults do not remain in health unless their daily food contains 216 grains, or nearly half an ounce, of nitrogen. This is equivalent to about three and a quarter ounces of flesh-formers, and the following table shows the weight and cost of a few of the more important articles of food which must be consumed in order to furnish this quantity of nitrogen. The last column exhibits the force in foot-tons which each would supply. It will be seen that in some cases it falls far short of the quantity required for the daily work of the body:—

Name of Article.	Weight required to furnish $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. Nitrogen.	Price per lb.	Cost.	Force, in Foot-Tons.
Cheshire Cheese . . .	9 $\frac{1}{2}$ oz.	s. d. 0 10	s. d. 0 6	1,627
Lean Beef . . . . .	12 "	0 10	0 7 $\frac{1}{2}$	667
Peameal . . . . .	15 "	0 3 $\frac{1}{2}$	0 3	2,194
Oatmeal . . . . .	1 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs.	0 2 $\frac{1}{2}$	0 3 $\frac{1}{2}$	3,134
Bread . . . . .	2 $\frac{1}{2}$ "	0 2	0 5	3,236
Rice . . . . .	3 $\frac{1}{2}$ "	0 4	1 0 $\frac{1}{2}$	7,304
Milk . . . . .	2 $\frac{1}{2}$ quarts.	5d. per quart.	1 0 $\frac{1}{2}$	2,446
Potatoes . . . . .	7 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs.	0 1	0 7 $\frac{1}{2}$	4,709
Cabbage . . . . .	20 $\frac{1}{2}$ "	0 1	1 8 $\frac{1}{2}$	5,563

It is curious to notice in this, as in the previous table, the greatly superior economy of the Scotch to the Irish national food. Dried peas are the cheapest as a source of nitrogen of all the articles enumerated.

Now let us assume that the above represents the minimum of flesh-formers requisite in good health and with moderate work. With very hard work it would be necessary, according to Playfair, to increase the above quantities to nearly double. This would increase the expense to quite a formidable sum, if such articles as beef or cheese were used. But, according to the newer doctrine, the harder work could be provided for by the addition to the diet of

the so-called respiratory foods, fat, starch, and sugar, and a very great economy would result. It would generally happen indeed that the additional food would contain some additional nitrogen, and this could do no harm, if it did no good. All that the new view asserts is that, given the minimum of nitrogen without work, extra work to any extent may be effected, either without or with only a very small increase of that nitrogen, simply by increased consumption of starch, fat, and sugar.

The question is fraught with the deepest interest to every civilized community, and the sooner it is definitely settled the better.

## RELIGION IN AMERICA.

BY EDWARD DICEY.

OF the books published this season there will be none, I think, more widely read than Mr. Hepworth Dixon's "New America." And, before I enter on the subject-matter of this article, let me here congratulate Mr. Dixon on a success which is not only unquestionable, but well deserved. He has accomplished a task which is by no means an easy one. He has written a book about America, having the unusual merit of being at once amusing and instructive, true as well as new. We have had enough, and to spare, of comic views of Trans-Atlantic life; we have had a certain number, though not too many, of grave and thoughtful works about the New World; but the former have been too light, and the other have been too dull. With every respect for the ability of Mrs. Trollope, Mr. Dickens, or Mr. Sala, and their imitators, I may fairly say that the English public would know considerably more about America if their books had never been written. The real truth is, that America is the most

trying subject in the world for a professional *littérateur* to write about, especially if he happens to be in the comic line of literary business. Paradoxical as the assertion may appear to the ordinary English reader, there is very little opportunity for light writing about America. Some few years ago, a friend of mine, who was about to cross the Atlantic on a book-making errand, came to talk to me before his departure concerning his plans. Like all persons who have never visited the States, he was convinced he should find no lack of matter to describe, and remarked to me that he meant to do what never had been done before—to describe the common life of Americans. "For instance," he said, "I shall give an exact description of a New England dinner-party." My answer was, that the idea was excellent if he had been writing for Frenchmen, but that, as an American dinner-party was the exact facsimile of an English one, a description of it would possess no special interest



for English readers. My friend, I need hardly say, left me convinced that my powers of observation were extremely limited; but, before he had been a week in America, he discovered that the old country and the new were very much alike—too much alike, indeed, for the purposes of the descriptive writer. In truth, all the elaborate and ingenious theories which were propounded during the late war for the edification of our newspaper readers were based upon the assumption that Americans were fundamentally different from Englishmen; and the reason why all these theories proved so lamentably and ludicrously wrong, lay in the fact that the assumption in question was radically false. If critics could once make up their minds to recognise the simple truth that Americans are neither more nor less than Englishmen placed under conditions of climate, government, and institutions, other than our own, the American question, so to speak, would present singularly little difficulty of solution. There is infinitely less difference between Chicago and Southampton than there is between Dover and Calais, though the former are separated by twice as many hundred miles as there are single miles between the latter. If you want to understand America, you must try and picture to yourself how the ordinary Englishmen you know would act under circumstances analogous to those existing across the Atlantic; and it is highly to Mr. Dixon's credit that he has appreciated this simple truth, and acted on it.

There is something absolutely ludicrous, if it were not a matter of grave import, in the conventional comic way of regarding all American subjects adopted by our literary men. Mr. Dickens, for instance, has travelled in America, and has seen much of Americans in Europe. Yet only the other day, in "Mugby Junction," he describes a Yankee traveller as addressing a lady at the Mugby refreshment counter in these terms:—

"I tell Yew what 'tis, ma'arm. I 'la'af. Theer! I 'la'af. I Dew. I 'oughter ha' seen most things, for I

"hail from the Onlimited side of the "Atlantic Ocean, and I haive travelled "right slick over the Limited, head on "through Joe-rusalem and the East, "and likewise France and Italy, Eu- "rope Old World, and am now upon "the track to the Chief European "Village; but such an Institution as "Yew, and Yewer young ladies, and "Yewer fixin's solid and liquid, afore "the glorious Tarnal I never did see "yet! And if I hain't found the eighth "wonder of monarchical Creation, in find- "ing Yew, and Yewer young ladies, and "Yewer fixin's solid and liquid, all as "aforesaid, established in a country "where the people air not absolute Loo- "naticks, I am Extra Double Darned "with a Nip and Frizzle to the inner- "mostest grit! Wheerfur—Theer!—I "la'af! I Dew, ma'arm, I 'la'af!"

Mr. Dickens must know as well as I do that you might travel through the United States for years, and never hear such a speech uttered out of a lunatic asylum. A duller or less humorous body of men than American railway travellers it was never my misfortune to meet; and yet the public, who read his works and know nothing of America, believe that this Yankee, making a little allowance for comic licence, is a fair type in language of his countrymen. How can we wonder Americans do not love us, when, as Hawthorne said with too much truth, "Not an Englishman of them all ever spared America for courtesy's sake or kindness." Happily Mr. Hepworth Dixon has had the good sense and good taste to write about Americans as we do about other nations, fairly and respectfully. Possibly if he had written an ill-natured work he might have had more readers, but he would not have contributed, as he has done, a very valuable addition to our knowledge of our trans-Atlantic kinsmen.

So people who want delineations of the typical Yankee we meet with anywhere except in America had better eschew the "New America." Mr. Dixon has had the shrewdness to see that the subject of expectoration was, to use an Americanism, "played out;" and

that there was not much more fun to be got out of the almighty dollar. Moreover, odd as the statement may appear, he went to America with the conviction that the subject he proposed to write about was a very grave and serious one. The time he could afford to pass away from England was necessarily short, and, therefore, he resolved to devote his attention to one single subject out of the many which the New World presents to the thoughtful observer. The true topic of the "New America" consists in the strange developments of religion which have manifested themselves upon the soil of the Western Continent; and the few portions of Mr. Dixon's work which bear upon other subjects might, I think, be omitted, with advantage to the general interest of the work. This remarkable book is so sure to be extensively read, that I should be repeating what most of my readers are probably acquainted with if I tried to epitomize Mr. Dixon's views on the Mormons, the Shakers, the Free-lovers, and the other strange sects which abound in America. All I wish to do is to point out, if possible, some of the causes which, in my judgment, account for these religious eccentricities — causes which Mr. Dixon has treated of somewhat too sparingly. There is a tendency in the English mind to regard Americans as belonging to what I once heard described as the "regiment of God's own unaccountables;" and this tendency is likely to be strengthened, if these anomalous manifestations of religion, on which Mr. Dixon dwells, are regarded as nothing but spasmodic exhibitions of Yankee oddness.

Even a very superficial observer, while travelling in America, can hardly avoid being struck by two remarkable and apparently inconsistent facts. Wherever you go, you see places of religious worship; every little town has meeting-houses, chapels, churches, conventicles by the score; the newest settlement, where houses are sufficiently numerous to form the semblance of a street, has some rough edifice of planks

devoted, in one form or another, to spiritual purposes; the newspapers are filled with advertisements of sermons, chapel-feasts, prayer-meetings, and revivals; Sunday is observed with a more than English strictness; and, as far as outward signs go, the Americans would justly be set down as a very religious people. Yet, at the same time, you hear, I think, less about religion than you would in England. Everybody chooses his own religion,—it is thought right and proper for a man to be attached to some religious community; but, having made his selection, he is left undisturbed by his neighbours. Partisan religious controversy is therefore almost unknown in the form it is so common amongst us. Each sect is anxious enough to make proselytes and increase its numbers; but, under the voluntary system, all sects stand on exactly the same footing, and have a common interest in the universal toleration which protects them all. Thus religion is not an element in the political problem, as it is here. During a long period throughout which I have been in the habit of reading American newspapers, I can hardly recollect an instance where religious considerations have been introduced into the discussion of political matters. In this country, the creed professed by a public man is, to say the least, an important item in his prospects of success or failure. The religious persuasions to which our leading statesmen belong are as well known as the political principles they profess. That Mr. Bright is a Quaker, Sir George Bowyer a Catholic, Mr. Beresford Hope a High Churchman, Mr. Newdegate an Evangelical, and so on, are all facts which are, as it were, the A B C of political knowledge. But ninety-nine Americans out of a hundred could probably not tell you, to save their lives, the religious persuasions which owned the different members of the United States Government. In all the countless attacks which have been poured on President Lincoln, Johnson, Seward, Jefferson Davis, Wendell Phillips, and Charles Sumner, whoever heard an attack based

upon their religious views? Yet I believe that one and all of these gentlemen would, in England, be called religious men,—that is, men to whom religion is professedly a matter of deep interest and importance. The truth is, that religion has grown to be considered in America entirely a matter appertaining to the individual, with which the State has no more concern than it has with his literary tastes or scientific pursuits. The only occasion in which religious partisanship was ever brought into a Presidential canvass was at the time of Fremont's election, when a cry was sought to be raised against him on the ground of his being a Catholic. But the apparent exception proves the rule: the only two religious denominations which have been in any sense made the objects of popular intolerance in the States are Roman Catholicism and Mormonism; and both these forms of faith are objected to, not on abstract grounds, but from a conviction, whether true or false, that their tenets are inconsistent with the principles on which the American Constitution is based. Thus, if my observation is correct, we have to account for the two somewhat contradictory facts that America is the country where religion flourishes in the greatest profusion, and yet where it has the least obvious connexion with the public life of the population.

I should premise that the remarks I have made, and shall have to make, apply especially, if not exclusively, to the West. It is there, in the great Mississippi valley, that, in my judgment, the true America—the America of the future—has its abode. Hawthorne once said to me, in talking about the new Backwoods States I had then recently visited, "After all, we Yankees are but the fringe on the garment of the West;" and the remark always appeared to me to contain the clue to all real comprehension of the new Transatlantic world. The old Seaboard States, and notably New England, are to a very great extent England across the ocean. Settled from the old home, united to the mother country by ties constantly

renewed, they have been established on English principles, and retain to the present day, though in a modified form, the tastes, prejudices, weaknesses, and virtues of an English character. The men of Massachusetts and Maine, and to a less degree of New York, are to a very great extent English settlers still. Both for good and evil, they have preserved the old type, and have not developed much of new institutions, or new tones of thought, or new national character. It is in the West that the different conditions of climate, atmosphere, political government, social life, and native thought operate to create a new nation, untrammelled by the powerful influences of old associations. Of course this, like all other generalizations, must be taken rather as the expression of a tendency than a distinct statement of fact. What I wish to express is my conviction, that in the West, not in the East, you must study the characteristics of the nation which ultimately will claim the title of American. If, as we may reasonably expect, the great Anglo-Saxon nation now growing so rapidly in the Western hemisphere is to enrich the world with a new polity, a new literature, a new development of faith, it will be in the West that we must look for their manifestation. And it is this fact which, I believe, has contributed perhaps more than anything to falsify our judgments about America. Our travellers, with scarcely an exception, have based their impressions, whether favourable or unfavourable, upon the old Anglicised States instead of on the new dominions, where the process of reconstruction is really being carried out.

If ever there was a sort of *tabula rasa* on which the story of mankind might be written out anew, it is that vast region of the West. From the Alleghanies to the Rocky Mountains there stretches a well-nigh unbroken plain, which, in physical and geological characteristics, is positively more absolutely uniform than any other area of the same size on the surface of the globe. Put an American suddenly

down in any unsettled portion of that immense district inclosed by the Mississippi, the Missouri, the Ohio, and their confluents, and he would find it almost impossible to say, from external observation, whether he stood in Kentucky or Colorado, in Minnesota or Arizona. Everywhere there extends the same dead flat, everywhere there is the same rich fertile soil, everywhere the same boundless horizon. Everywhere, too, there are much the same social conditions, the same lack of traditions, the same absence of poverty, the same uniformity of class. One man in the West is as good as another, not as a matter of theory, but as an accident of fact. Nobody has any special claim to distinction in respect of his state, or township, or family, or birth, or nationality. Individual success or ability is about the only thing which raises one man above another. I am not now saying whether such a state of things is beneficial or otherwise. I only assert that it cannot fail to exert a marked influence upon the national character. M. Laugel, in his very able work on the United States, points out, with great truth, how Abraham Lincoln's nature was affected by the circumstance of his Western birth and breeding. "The life of the fields," he says, "and the open air of the Western plains, formed this robust nature for the struggles it was to undergo. The great rivers and the prairies taught him more than books. It is from the wilderness, among the woods, the wild flowers, and the newly-planted fields, that he took his love of independence, his contempt of etiquette, his respect for labour. His ruling passion, and, so to speak, his only one, was found to be that of the nation. . . . Nowhere has the national sentiment penetrated the souls of men so deeply as among the people beyond the Alleghanies. The inhabitant of Massachusetts may take pride in his little State. The greater part of the States washed by the Atlantic have traditions and memories; but Indiana, Ohio, and Illinois, have as yet no history. The inhabitant of

"those vast regions, who feels himself irresistibly called to such high destinies, is above all an American. He is, and is determined to be, the citizen of a great country. He is determined to measure its power by the immensity of its prairies, and his patriotism literally knows no bounds."

The sort of influence which is thus portrayed, with truth, as having moulded Lincoln's character operates upon all members of the community to which he belonged. These Western men have a moral, as well as a material elbow-room not vouchsafed at all to other nations, and to a far less degree to their Eastern fellow-countrymen. In politics, religion, and social fashion everybody is at liberty to do what he pleases in the West; and space there is so plentiful that one man's action interferes comparatively little with that of his neighbours. If you like to walk about with bare feet, or dwell in a house without windows, or eat uncooked meat, or eschew soap and water, or commit any other departure from the ordinary rules of social life, you can do so in the West, not only with more freedom, but with infinitely less attention being drawn to your conduct, than in any other civilized region. Till within a few years ago, to wear a beard or moustache in Boston was to place yourself outside the pale of society; and, even to the present day, a man who did not go to church in a New England village would find his pecuniary credit suffer. But the idea of objecting to anybody, politically or socially, on account of his dress or creed would scarcely be intelligible to the true Western mind.

Some appreciation of the social condition of the West is necessary to understand the luxuriance of what I may call the religious vegetation of America. Every town, in that immense area, has sprung up in the same fashion. Half a dozen settlers have encamped themselves on a particular spot, have run up houses, and then collected other settlers around them. At first they had no religious ministrations whatever, except

what they got from the chance visit of some itinerant preacher. The original founders of the settlement were, probably, men of different creeds,—Lutherans, Methodists, Episcopalians, Unitarians, Baptists, or what not; it is almost a matter of certainty that they did not in any case all belong to the same form of faith. As the hamlet grew into a village some wandering preacher squatted down there himself, or some settler took to preaching, or some two or three zealous individuals ran up a chapel, and obtained a minister belonging to the peculiar creed they happened to profess. But thus it depended, and depends, entirely upon hazard what especial sect first established itself in any settlement. When once a chapel was established, that portion of the settlement who had religious convictions or appetites of any kind generally attached themselves to the chapel, even if the form of worship was not what they professed, until such time as the village grew large and populous enough to have more than one chapel, and then each settler began to choose his own place of worship. This, in substance, is the religious history of every settlement in the West; and so it may be seen that there are probably few places where it is so much, humanly speaking, a matter of chance what religion a child is brought up in as in the West. There is no *prima facie* reason why any Western man should belong to one church more than another. Not only is there no State religion; but there is not, as in the East, any dominant sect. There is, to a very large class of minds, a great attraction in belonging to the faith professed by the majority of the people among whom your lot in life is cast. Persons who are actuated by this feeling would naturally be Independents in New England, Quakers in Pennsylvania, Catholics in Louisiana, Methodists in the other States of the South. But what form of faith they would gravitate towards in the West it is impossible to say. Yet, though the religious instinct is thus left undirected, it is developed by

the circumstances of Western life. The life of the settler is necessarily a solitary one. In a thinly-populated country the towns and villages and cottages which dot the surface of those boundless plains lie far apart from each other. Men, and still more women, are thrown much upon their own resources. Of the social occupations of lands where people live close and thick together they have but few; and the sermon or prayer-meeting is about the only intellectual excitement that the week offers them. Moreover, I cannot but think that the constant aspect of the sea of land which stretches everywhere far as the eye can reach, predisposes the mind somehow to religious contemplation. The sense of immensity which attaches to the prairie is oppressive in its nature; and the soul seeks for some sort of counterbalancing protection against the feeling of being, as it were, lost in space. Men who live upon the sea, it has always been observed, are given to devotion or superstition, or by whatever name you choose to describe the religious instinct, and they would be, I think, still more so inclined, if instead of sailing in company they sailed mostly alone; and the settlers of the West are, after all, a sort of dry-land sailors, anchored each in their own bark at their several moorings.

Thus, if my view is correct, you have in the Western States all the conditions required for the development of new religious sects. You should also take into account the fact that education of a kind sufficiently high to interest its possessors on questions higher than those of mere food and raiment is almost universal in the West, and that, on the other hand, there is no large class of highly-educated minds powerful enough to lead the tone of public thought; and then you will understand why new prophets should have extraordinary facilities afforded them in the West for the propagation of their creeds.

The remarks that I have made are, I hold, true, to a considerable extent, of the whole of the United States. After all, America as a nation has hardly yet



emerged from the settler phase of civilization; but, just as students of optics choose a blank wall whereon to study effects of reflection and refraction, so I think students of religious problems in America should select the West to watch the working of religious influences. There are fewer disturbing causes to be taken into account—less allowance to be made for the action of accidental forces. As a qualification, however, of what I have said, I should observe that, for the sake of convenience, I have spoken of the West almost as if it were a distinct and different country from the East. But, in truth, it is impossible to say with any preciseness where the East ends or the West begins. You pass imperceptibly from one to another, and each in turn constantly operates upon the other. But I think it will be found that, though most of the new teachers have come from the old States, and in many cases have found their first adherents among the dwellers in those States, their real permanent success as founders of new sects has been in the half-settled Western regions. Along the sea-board society is growing too prosperous, too settled, too educated for any large body of men to leave all and follow prophets, whether false or true.

Of all the various sects of which Mr. Dixon treats, Mormonism is by far the most important. About the only unfavourable literary criticism I should feel inclined to make about his book is, that he fails to convey any distinct estimate of the relative importance of the different religious bodies about which he discourses so ably and so pleasantly. There is nothing to indicate, to a reader unacquainted with the subject, that, while the Mormons are a body whose importance can hardly be overrated, Mount Lebanon is hardly, if at all, more influential than the Agapemone near Taunton, of which Brother Prince was, or is for aught I know, the Messiah. I may remark, too, that I think Mr. Dixon falls into a serious blunder in estimating the Spiritualists of America at three millions. I have had several friends amongst this body, and

I never knew men who were more prone to deal in sensation statements. It was their fashion to set down anybody who ever had, could, or would take part in a spiritual *séance*, as a believer; but my own impression is, that the number of persons in America who belong to the Spiritualistic congregations which exist in some cities of the Union, or who, in any true sense of the words, could be called adherents of the creed in question, would not exceed ten thousand at the outside.

Mormonism I think to be a genuine Western production. It is true that the disciples of Joseph Smith are probably more numerous even at the present day on this side the Atlantic than they are in Utah; but they belong to precisely that class which furnishes the West with a perpetual stream of emigrants. The superior success of Mormonism to that of other American sects of a similar character I take to arise from the fact that it is grafted upon a system of emigration. The founders of the faith had the wit to perceive that the tendency which carries the surplus population of Europe from the Old World to the New might be turned into a religious agency. The apostles of the faith as it is in Brigham Young go forth to Welsh peasants, and English labourers, and Norwegian cottiers, and to the poor of every country where the migratory passion has begun to work; and promise them, not only salvation in the world to come, but land in this. A friend of mine not long ago was engaged in trying to obtain emigrants amongst the agricultural classes for a distant English colony. He found plenty of persons willing to go, but their reluctance to embark alone upon a long journey proved an almost insuperable obstacle to his success as a recruiter for the colony. Let anybody imagine what it must be to ordinary labourers, who have never known anything of the world beyond the limits of their parish, to set forth, without friends or acquaintances, to seek their fortunes in a strange country where they know nobody. They would like well



enough to go, but they are afraid of going. Now this feeling—which is, I believe, a very general one amidst the emigrant class—is made to do service for Mormonism. Converts to the new creed have emigration made easy to them: the whole responsibility of the journey is taken off their hands. They are escorted on their road by men they know; amongst their fellow-converts they have friends, or at any rate acquaintances, already provided for them; and they know that, when they reach the far-away land which seems to them so utterly beyond their mental vision, they will find homes and employment prepared beforehand. I do not attribute the success of Mormonism solely, or even mainly to its connexion with a well-organized system of emigration; but I do believe that any sect which offered the same or similar inducements would find no want of proselytes.

Mr. Dixon is obviously inclined to think that polygamy is an incident rather than a characteristic of Mormonism. It flourished before a plurality of wives was practically allowed, and would continue, he believes, to flourish even if monogamy were re-established as an institution. How far this may be true or not is a matter of speculation. But this much is clear, if Mr. Dixon can be at all relied on, that Utah is not at present, whatever it may become hereafter, a mere sink of licentious self-indulgence. As a body, the Mormons are hard-working, sober, temperate men; actuated by a deep faith and an earnest devotion to the interests of their creed. There must be something in that faith which appeals to men's convictions as well as their passions; and, if I am correct in my theory, the saving instinct of Mormonism is common to it with almost every one of the sects which have sprung up of late years in the Western world.

Nobody can have observed the tone of European—and more especially of Anglo-Saxon European—thought without seeing that the tendency of the age is towards realism in religion as well as in art and literature. The cardinal tenet of all our existing Old World

creeds is that this mundane life is of no importance compared with that of the world to come. In former times men really believed this tenet, and based their actions on it. Persecution, asceticism, and celibacy were all natural and logical deductions from this fundamental dogma. If the sole object of this life was to prepare for another, the mode in which you or others passed this mortal existence could be of no material consequence. A little more enjoyment, a little less suffering, were trifles light as air in view of the rewards and punishments of the future beyond the grave. But now, somehow or other, this belief has failed to satisfy mankind. It may be that our faith is not so vivid as it was; it may be that our view is larger. We have grown, even in the most orthodox of sects, to attach a far greater value to this present living existence than is quite consistent with the abstract theory of our theology. Philanthropy, in the sense we ordinarily attach to the word, of a desire to relieve the temporal wants or sufferings of mankind, is in itself antagonistic to the ascetic view of religion. The progress of national civilization may possibly have taught us to exaggerate the importance of what befalls us in this world. I am speaking now, not of what I believe to be the truth with regard to such questions, but simply of the tendencies which I observe. And, as a matter of fact, however much you may deplore it, I think no one who has ever thought at all upon the question can deny that even devout and orthodox men have learnt imperceptibly to believe that we are bound to live for this world as much as, if not more than, for the next. As late as the days of the Puritans such a faith would have been deemed the rankest heresy; yet it is held by men now who consider themselves the descendants of the Calvinist school. And the doctrine of the new creed I take to be that this life is good, not as a means only of obtaining salvation, but as an end. As the world has gravitated towards this materialistic view, there has been felt the

need of some faith other than that in which our fathers rested content. When Heine, in his reckless revolt against all received doctrines, sang,—

“Ein neues Lied, ein besseres Lied,  
O Freunde, will ich Euch dichten  
Wir wollen hier auf Erde schon  
Das Himmel reich errichten,”—

he expressed feelings with which others than unbelievers have a distinct if latent sympathy.

So, whatever abstract tenets they may hold, men, even in this Old World, have learnt to believe that misery is not the appointed lot of mankind; and that, if I may say so, as I wish to do, without the slightest irreverence, we are more concerned with the affairs of this earth on which we live, than with those of the unknown land on which we shall all have to enter. This belief has pervaded our literature, and has produced a marked influence on our social and political relations. But in the New World it has operated with infinitely more freedom. Every American writer is imbued with the conviction, whether expressed or concealed, that to reclaim the wilderness, to carry on the work of civilization, is the especial mission to fulfil which Americans have been called into existence.

I recollect once hearing an old Irish-woman in the States say, in reply to some remark, “Shure an’ it’s a blessed country. God made it for the poor.” This belief is, I think, well-nigh universal among the labouring classes of America. They have entered, as they deem, upon the land of promise; they have reached, in this world, the place of which preachers talked as only to be found in another life, where want is unknown, and poverty, as we see it, is a thing unheard of. And thus amongst them there is a decided tendency to rest and be thankful, without spending their time in thinking what the future may have in store for them.

From all these causes, it is, I think, not hard to understand how all the new religions of which Mr. Dixon speaks have a very material character. Even sects which retire from the world, like

the Shakers, yet make it part of their creed to labour and toil and till the earth. In fact, the deification of labour might, I think, be called, not inaptly, the especial characteristic of these new creeds and religions. So, if I judge rightly, these developments of faith are due to a reaction against the excessive importance which our older creeds attached to considerations of another life. It is easy enough to see how this materialist tone of thought bears upon the relations of the two sexes. But this question is one of far too wide a nature to be entered on at the close of a paper.

If I have succeeded in making my meaning clear, my view about the disclosures Mr. Dixon has given us would amount to this: Mormons, Jumpers, Shakers, and the rest are of little more innate importance than Irvingites, or Johanna Southcotes, or Muggletonians are in our own country. In a land where there is no or little authority to exercise any influence in matters of opinion, these sects attain a growth of eccentricity which would hardly be possible amongst us. But it would be grossly unjust to imagine that these fantastic faiths have obtained any serious hold on the popular mind of America. On the other hand, I think they do indicate the fashion which all religious thought in America tends to assume. Just as the presence of fungi show where mushrooms may be expected to grow, so I believe that the existence of these anomalous developments of superstition do point to the gradual formation of a creed in America, in which, to extirpate poverty, to check disease, to increase the fertility of the soil,—to make this world, in fact, as happy for its occupants as it is capable of being made,—will be as much a tenet of religion as any abstract doctrine with regard to the relations of this life and the life to come. I think, if I understand his book rightly, Mr. Dixon in the main would agree with this view. I cannot wish my readers a pleasanter task than to determine for themselves, by the perusal of the “New America,” whether this is so or not.